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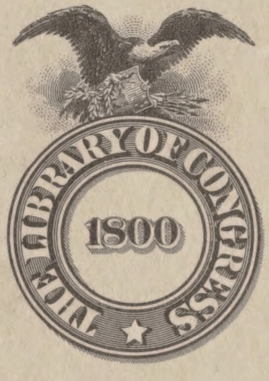
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church

WASHINGTON, D. C.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TWENTY-FIFTH

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

OF THE

METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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MEMORABILIA.

"Remember the days of old."—Deuteronomy 32:7.

"**Resolved,** That we erect in the Metropolis of the Nation a commodious church edifice, which should be regarded as a connectional monument to our beloved Methodism."—*General Conference M. E. Church*, 1852.

In 1853 the Baltimore Conference appointed Rev. HENRY SLICER agent.

October 23, 1854, corner-stone laid by Bishop MATTHEW SIMPSON.

In 1866 the Bishops appointed Rev. FRANCIS S. DE HAAS, D. D., agent, who obtained contributions throughout the entire country; and the church was erected as a "Memorial to Methodism."

February 28, 1869—"Dedication Day." Bishop SIMPSON preached in the morning; Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, A. M., in the afternoon; and Rev. THOMAS M. EDDY, D. D., in the evening.

March 28, 1869—"Organization Day." Rev. JOHN P. NEWMAN, D. D., as pastor, organized the church, with DAVID A. BURR, Esq., as superintendent of the Sunday-school, Miss CORNELIA A. PURSELL being then, as now, teacher of the primary department and C. BURLEW chorister of the school.

November 30, 1871, the SPIRE, the gift of Mr. THOMAS KELSO, was dedicated, and the chime of bells donated;—through the efforts of Mrs. Dr. NEWMAN.

January 27, 1884—"Emancipation Day." Chaplain C. C. MCCABE secured $31,000 by popular subscription; Rev. ROBT. N. BAER, D. D., and Dr. NEWMAN secured the remaining $19,000, extinguishing the debt. Bishop SIMPSON preached in the morning; Chaplain MCCABE in the evening.

November 12, 1889, EPWORTH LEAGUE organized.

March 25, 1890, Bishop JOHN F. HURST first publicly presented the plan for the "AMERICAN UNIVERSITY."

October 28, 1890, BISHOPS' SEMIANNUAL MEETING.

October 7 to 20, 1891—"THE SECOND ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE." President HARRISON addressed the Conference.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE twice met in the Metropolitan, WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY once, and here were held the initial public meetings for the "METHODIST HOME" and "DEACONESS HOME."

MURAL TABLETS, of bronze and marble, commemorate General U. S. GRANT and General JOHN A. LOGAN. They and Chief Justice CHASE worshiped here.

The STRANGERS' CLASS is held after morning service and the CHINESE SCHOOL in the afternoon, every Sunday.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

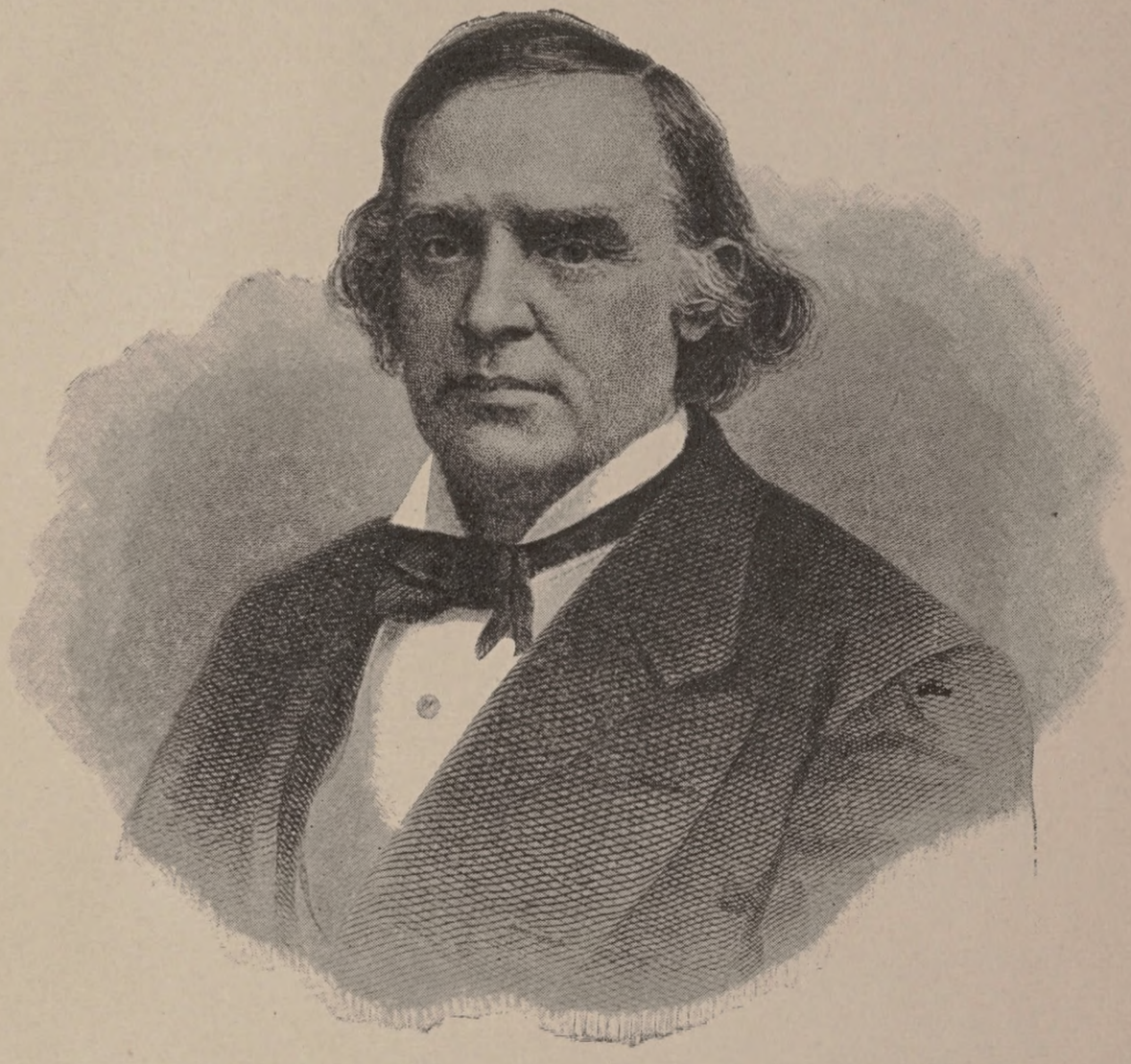
The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church will never be forgotten by those who took part in its proceedings. The interest awakened was so profound, and the services were so inspiring and impressive, that there has been a widely expressed desire to have the proceedings embodied in permanent form in a fitting memorial volume. The sermon by the bishop was one of irresistible power and pathos. The brilliant outline is here, but no type or paper can convey any adequate conception of the impression produced by the voice, manner, and action of the sacred orator. Three times the pastor of this church, no minister could be more tenderly and reverently loved by the people—and no wonder, for he consecrated to the service of the church his pre-eminent gifts, and generously bore his share of every financial burden. During this very visit—although we had promised for his lecture a handsome donation toward his South American Mission work—he refused to take even a dollar for his expenses. Mrs. Newman's services were also greatly appreciated. The reception given by the Trustees and Ladies' Association, on November 6, to the bishop and his wife was a beautiful and appropriate tribute of appreciation, and was very largely attended.

The preparation of this volume has largely fallen upon Mr. James H. Spencer, 243 8th street N. E. We are under the greatest obligation to him, but it has been a labor of love. He will gladly furnish copies to all who desire them.

We anticipate for the national church a future no less fruitful than has been the past, and trust that this memorial volume will not only revive pleasing and sacred memories, but be to multitudes a source of strength and hope and of renewed devotion to the church of God.

HUGH JOHNSTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December* 15, 1894.



J. P. Newman

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

HELD NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

During the day the following selections were rendered by Prof. Gibson, chimer: "Jubilee Joy Bells," "Creation," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Monastery Bells," "Coronation," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jubilee Vespers," "Rock of Ages," "Them Evening Bells," "Guide Me," "Abide with Me," "America," "Old Hundred."

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11 A. M.

The services were opened with the singing of the hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy." Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., the pastor of the Metropolitan Church, offered prayer. The Scripture lesson was read by Bishop John P. Newman.

After these devotional exercises Bishop Newman delivered the following discourse on "Illustrious Lives:"

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

* * * * * * *

"And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

"God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."—Heb. 11:13, 39, 40.

Three great thoughts are suggested by this venerable text—the supremacy of faith, the continuity of personality, and the immortality of goodness. In this famous chapter the great apostle in more than human eloquence celebrates the religious character of those whose illustrious lives should be recalled with gratitude and gladness by the good and the true in all the coming annals of the church. It is a glorious résumé of the history of religious heroism through four thousand years. It is a eulogy on character superior to age, rank, or mission, and a vindication of the ways of God to man. Like a rare gem set with precious stones, each one a fortune in itself, faith is the conspicuous virtue glorified by courage, hope, and enthusiasm. What more comprehensive virtue can be named? Faith receives what it can not comprehend, lays hold on the unseen, supplements the limitations of our knowledge, and reveals the future; faith binds us to the past and links us to the future; faith makes the hero independent of public opinion, and is the animation of all other Christian virtues. It is a mistake to suppose that faith is exhalted at the expense of other heroic virtues. It implies courage to denounce the degeneration of a nation, to walk the fiery furnace, to endure the lion's den. It supposes hope that animates the soul and sustains courage, and is the invisible angel leading us to victory. It includes enthusiasm that

warms the soul to action and inspires the intellect with noblest thoughts. It is not faith in isolation, but faith in divine companionship. There is nothing greater than faith to reform society.

The apostle's analysis of character is not close. He leaves the equation with the Almighty. The persons he considers had great virtues and great faults ; he does not disguise their faults nor record them in history. He knew that he was dealing with mixed characters ; that in their lives were sunshine and shadow, but draws down the curtain of oblivion over their foibles and exalts their virtues.

"These all died in the faith." It was the faith in the coming of a promised Messiah. That was all. And each in his turn, as he departed this life, exclaimed with his dying accents, "Behold He cometh." The magnificence and magnitude of this faith is best discovered by the isolation of these illustrious persons and the long intervals of time which make up the period of four thousand years. In the very dawn of the race Abel's bleeding lamb is the adumbration of his faith that Christ would come. A thousand years roll into eternity, and as "Enoch walks with God, and he was not, for God took him," he shouts back to earth, "He is coming." And nearly a millennium comes and goes ; as Noah shuts the door of the ark, he exclaims, "He is coming." A century and a half thereafter Abraham stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, and as the angel arrests his hand raised to slay Isaac, the heavenly voices sing, "In Thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Three hundred years later Jacob is dying, and a vision arises before him, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Two centuries of silence are added to the calendar of the world, and Moses prophesies, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee of thy brethren, like unto me ; unto Him ye shall harken." The silence of five hundred years is broken when David sings, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in." From David to Isaiah three centuries come and go when Isaiah apostrophized the future, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" A hundred years thereafter, on the banks of Babylon's river, Daniel beholds the "form of the Son of Man," and three hundred years thereafter the Messianic vision reappears to Malachi. Then follows the silence of four centuries, which was broken by the song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. "These all died in the faith"—the faith that a Saviour would come to bless our world.

In this analysis two things are apparent—conspicuity and obscurity. Two classes are recognized—those who will always be prominent in history for certain sublime acts and those whose names are simply recorded. But it is enough for us to know that obscurity, as well as conspicuity, has a place in the order of Divine Providence, and only God can tell which shall have the greater weight in fixing character and in determining the destiny of the world. It would have been disheartening had the apostle mentioned Abraham and failed to name Sarah, or Moses without Miriam, or the "spies" of Jericho and not the woman Rahab who sheltered them from their foes.

This suggests a second great thought—the continuity of personality, "that they without us should not be made perfect." Every person lives a threefold life—the life that now is, the life immortal, and the life that is posthumous. The life that is physical allies us to the animal creation ; the intellectual lifts us to companionship with the angels, and makes man capable of appreciating the works of God in nature ; and the spiritual life raises us to companionship with the Father Almighty. Man's immortal life is a sublime fact and full of heavenly cheer ; but there is solitude in personal immortality. It severs us from the earth we love

METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

and from the race to which we belong; but God has ordained the continuity of our personality, that we should live, when our body is in the grave, in the thoughts, opinions, and great purposes of redemption. Without this corporate immortality, this perpetual association with the destiny of our race, life would be a mystery, our immortality an enigma; but, given continuity of existence, and the mystery of existence is explained. With this great truth before me, what care I though "these all died in the faith," with hopes not realized; died amid their usefulness; yielded to the limit of human endeavor. Apparently they failed. Were they failures? "They saw the promise afar off." How far? A thousand years? Yes; Abel saw them four thousand years. What worry and pain and work they must have endured. How powerful are the reasons for this belief in our continued existence among the children of men. How shall we explain the disproportion between what we feel as possibilities within us and the small results that follow? Is your life a failure? Without the inspiration of this great thought, I do not wonder that despondency seizes the soul like an invisible power. In such a moment you are tempted to suicide. The rope, the poisoned cup, the gliding river invite you to the banquet of death.

There are times when we sing with Faber—

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then,
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

But right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Wait patiently. The future of this world belongs to you. Look at the possibilities and the incompleteness of your plans for usefulness. Were each life rounded, complete progress would be limited to each personality; but now we are all contributors to one great whole. Out of this very incompleteness comes our longing after something which links us to the past. This gives us an abiding interest in this life. We carry that interest with us. Why are we ambitious to leave behind us a good name? There is hope within us that we shall still live among the children of men. We do not come and go as generations, but as a race which never dies. Pascal has said that "mankind are as one man, ever living and ever growing, but never dying"—"that they without us should not be made perfect." The past is handed down and the future is born of the present. This is the law of transmission. This is the hope of the millennium.

And the unanswerable argument for this continuity of personality is in the fact that great results are reached by proxy. The least life is essential. One life is a paradox; two lives are sublime. Not the greatest is great in isolation. There are a few conspicuous persons in society largely endowed by nature, highly favored by circumstances, who, under that strange

law of coincidence that works such apparent mischief to some and such apparent benefit to others—under the operation of that law, boom into notoriety and become famous; others stand upon their merit. Some would be great if they stood among their equals, great if they stood among the greatest; but the number of such is small. We ought, therefore, to turn for comfort to this blessed chapter, which declares that generations are linked together. I suppose within ten years after we are dead all of us here will be forgotten. It is really a melancholy feeling that steals over the soul, but then comes the great thought of recognition both in the future of our race and in the future of our souls. Would you have an illustration of this associate immortality? Turn to the tablets on yon wall in memory of the great soldiers, Grant and Logan. But their achievments are attributed to those heroic men who composed the Grand Army of the Republic, some of whom surround me to-day; but the great majority sleep in heroes' graves. You may not be great in your endowments, but you may be allied to others whose lives will be sublime. You have heard of Kitto, a voluminous and attractive Biblical writer, to whom the clergy are so largely indebted. But what is the name of that obscure English layman, who on a Sunday afternoon went to an English poor-house and there saw a deaf pauper, but in whose eye was the glint of genius. The child was adopted and educated. That was Kitto. He will share his glory with the man who rescued him. When you go to Hong Kong, China, enter the Victoria Library, wherein you will see a Bible and lexicon in Chinese and English, and near them an autograph letter from Queen Victoria thanking Morrison for what he had done for China. But what is the name of that Christian woman, that Sunday-school teacher, who on a Sunday, in an English metropolis, found the neglected boy Morrison and took him to the Sunday-school? The glory of the great Morrison will be shared by the woman that led him to Christ. It is ordained that the mightiest workers work out of sight. When passing over the Indian Ocean, where the polypi build their coral throne, I found an illustration of this fact, They work out of sight; but soon the dome of the island appears above the bosom of the briny deep. The wild winds scatter dust thereon; the wild birds drop seed thereon. Soon plants grow, and flowers bloom, and people sit beneath their fragrance. Our mothers work out of sight—these guardians of our childhood, the companions of our manhood. They are the mightiest workers. There will be a mothers' day when we stand before the judgment seat. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap; no rose so sweet as a mother's cheek; no music so charming as a mother's voice. They will be crowned with glory, and they can say to fathers, husbands, brothers, "you without us can not be made perfect."

And in view of all these facts, I am not surprised with the greater truth of the immortality of goodness. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Last summer Mrs. Newman and I stood in the Roman forum, on the very spot where lay Cæsar's dead body, and where Mark Antony held up the bloody garments of the dead Cæsar and said:

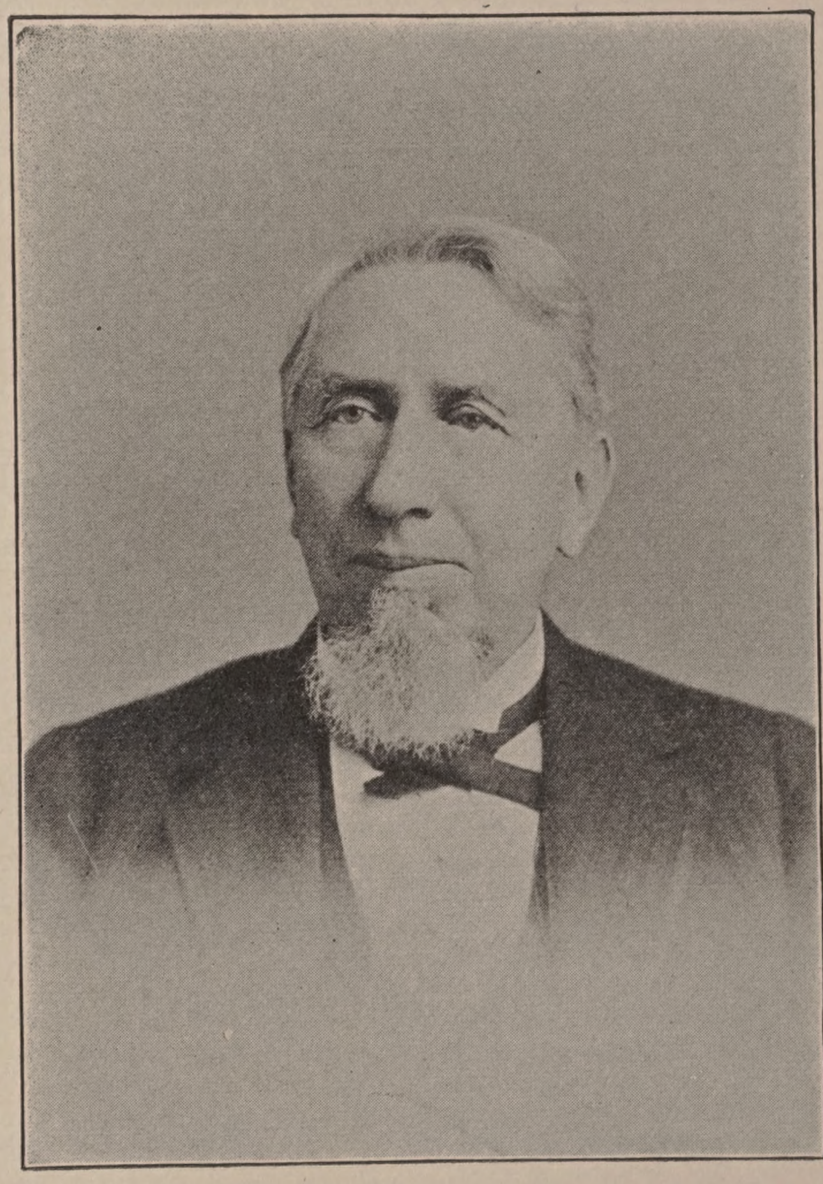
> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is often interred with their bones;
> So let it be with Cæsar.

I could almost hear Antony's voice echo amid the seven hills. But what he said is not true, for the memory of the wicked shall perish, while that of the righteous is immortal. You and I have lived long enough to see the mighty changes that have taken place in the verdicts of history. The martyr of to-day is the prophet of to-morrow; men who die under a cloud reappear in the full sunshine of God's glory. The truly good are the truly great. Who to-day stands at the head of the English classics? Not Gibbon with his splendid diction, but Addison, who said, when dying,

to Lord Warwick, "Come, my lord, and see how a Christian can die." Who to-day is esteemed the prince of Christian gentlemen? Not Chesterfield, who wrote those solacious letters to his son, but Sir Philip Sidney, who, dying from wounds received on the field of battle, exclaimed, "I would not exchange my joys for an empire." Who is to-day regarded the greatest soldier? He who crossed the Rubicon? He who descended the Alps to conquer Rome? He who died on St. Helena? Nay; he who sleeps upon the banks of the Potomac. And wherever men shall love liberty, they will revere the name of Washington.

To-day we hear the voice of history. Twenty-five years ago, on Easter Sunday, in the beautiful springtime, I organized this church. What a vision rises before me. This great temple of piety was thronged with eager worshipers. Ninety persons gathered around this altar to be received as members. The nine trustees who constituted the board at that time were present on that memorable occasion. There sat Grant, that illustrious soldier, and beside him his beloved wife, who has shared his trials and his triumphs. Over there sat Chief Justice Chase, that great jurist. Yonder in his pew was Emery, a tower of strength. Near by was Fowler, who is present to-day, the patient and successful treasurer of the church. There was Norment, eloquent and energetic; Lutz, amiable, gentle, enthusiastic; Tullock, whose pen was that of a ready writer, consecrated to Christ; Burr, intelligent and pious, superintendent of the Sunday-school; Howard, the "beloved physician." And memory can never forget Pursell, that calm and beautiful spirit; and Ruff, full of holy emotion; and Lane, and Perry, and Tasker, and Charlton, and C. C. Burr, and a host of others whose precious memories will be recalled in the subsequent services of to-day. Were I an artist, I would paint a picture for the immortality of that blessed group on which coming generations might gaze. What scenes I have witnessed around this altar. When Chief Justice Chase, of immortal memory, and Logan, dear Logan, with her who was the companion of his life, came forward to receive the holy sacrament—but the vision ascends; I must not linger longer. "These all died in the faith;" and with their example before us, let us be true to our Master; let this church be a power for good over all this land, and when the millennium comes, the cross of our Redeemer shall be the joy of mankind.

After the closing hymn, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above," the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Newman.



HON. MATTHEW G. EMERY.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

3 P. M.

The Sunday-school and Epworth League meeting was held at 3 o'clock. After the devotional exercises Capt. Thos. H. McKee, the present superintendent of the Metropolitan Sunday-school, in introducing the speakers of the afternoon, said :

The occasion on which we meet to-day to celebrate is too well known and understood by all present to require of me any introductory statement. The foundation laid twenty-five years ago has supported the superstructure built thereon. The 1,000 children, besides many adults who have passed into the Sabbath-school, and from it into the active work of the church, have been made better and stronger for the Christian conflict. We are to hear from many of those who have been with the Sabbath-school from the beginning. They will tell you in fitting words some of the incidents which cluster around memories that are dear to many hearts, and without taking your time, I now have the pleasure to ask your attention to the program which will follow.

Mr. Andrew B. Duvall said :

I am one of the antediluvians. Although old age has not overtaken me and bent my form or whitened my locks, yet the fact remains that I am the earliest surviving superintendent of the school.

Twenty-five years ago I was wedded in, and at the same time wedded to, the church, and immediately transferred my membership here and took a class in the school. David A. Burr, whom I had known well, and with whom I had worked at Wesley Chapel, had just removed from the city, and Mr. John A. Ruff was superintendent. Brother Burr was a truly noble man, the most enthusiastic and progressive Sunday-school man I ever met; his organization of the school was complete. Brother Ruff was a whole-souled, happy, and cheerful Christian banker, and rendered good service. I was his assistant for one year, and then succeeded him as superintendent for two years.

I do not know how it is, but somehow it seems to me the best and most lovable people in the city have always been connected with the Metropolitan Church. In those earlier days there were Mrs Somers, Gen. and Mrs. Cowan with their large Bible class, S. S. Bryant, Mrs. Havenner, D. B. Mack, L. C. Tallmadge, and others, among whom, of course (for they have always been), were Miss Cornelia Pursell and Brother Burlew; but I do not think it would be fair to judge Brother Burlew's singing qualities and ability by his success in teaching me. And there was Thos. J. S. Perry; who can ever forget "Tom" Perry, as he was familiarly and lovingly called? He was the children's friend. Their comfort and welfare were always on his mind, and his generous soul called freely and constantly on his ready pocket-book at all times to supply anything needful. You did not have to tell him or beg him; his thought was before your speech, and the thing was gladly and cheerfully done.

When you become a member of the Methodist Church, those in authority will put you to work at once, if you will let them. So they put me to work, and during these years I have found my joy in its labors.

And I tell you this is a work that pays as you go. Why, a few years ago, while I was teaching my class over in that corner, I looked over the school, and there I had a representative in each of the departments—primary, intermediate, and junior. Faithful men and women were doing for my children what I had been trying to do for the children of others. Who can fail to see that such work pays? Are not its wages both sweet and prompt?

Mr. A. P. Lacey being prevented from taking part in the exercises by reason of serious sickness of several months' duration, Mr. C. M. Lacey Sites was requested to present the facts concerning Mr. Lacey's connection with the school, which he did in the following paper :

Capt. A. P. Lacey has been actively connected with the school for more than twenty-three years, since July, 1871, successively as teacher, as president of the missionary society, as assistant superintendent, and as superintendent.

When he assumed the duties of superintendent, the crushing debt which rested on the church property, with accumulating interest, was beginning to weigh most heavily upon the church. This burden hampered the activities not only of the church, but of the Sunday-school as well, both directly and indirectly.

Sources of revenue, which had previously supplied the school with needed funds for its work, were cut off, and it became necessary that the school should unite its efforts with those of the church membership to raise funds for current expenses.

For seven years the problem of Sunday-school finances demanded a large share of the attention of the officers of the school. Never were the spiritual interests of the school allowed to flag. Never were the zeal of the teachers and the love of the scholars for their school more active than during this period. But the burden inevitably hampered the growth and extension of the school. The debt having at last been lifted from the church, the school was relieved of a large share of the burden which had rested upon it, and it was practicable to turn its working force more directly to its upbuilding and advancement.

During all these years of depression Capt. Lacey enjoyed the co-operation of a noble band of devoted Christian teachers. Himself always faithful, prompt, and cordial, never absent from his post of duty in the school, at teachers' meeting, or in the church service, he inspired his corps of teachers with his own earnestness of purpose and active consecration to the work of the Lord.

No outlay of time or of thought on his part was too great if it could promote the happiness or the welfare of the scholars by means of excursions, entertainments, Children's Day exercises, or by adding interest to the regular work of the school.

Always genial and unselfish in his relations to teachers and scholars and unfailing in warm Christian courtesy to strangers, always practical, forceful, scholarly, and manifesting the love of Christ in his addresses from the platform, he won all hearts and built up for himself in this school an imperishable monument in the respect and love of its members and of all who knew him here.

Shortly after the "jubilee" day, when the church debt was extinguished, Capt. Lacey retired from the superintendency. He left to his successor a school strong in purpose, active, vigorous in every department, and fully equipped and prepared to move forward to higher achievements and broader victories than had been possible under the conditions previously existing.

We stand, as a school, at the summit of our first quarter-century. We pause on this auspicious day to survey the past. If, as it seems, these

twenty-five years divide themselves in three periods—the first, the period of laying foundations; the second, the period of struggle in the face of obstacles mountain high; the third, the period of aggressive extension, on which we have now entered—then it is but fitting that I voice for you today this simple tribute to him who conducted the school with such skill and devotion through that trying second period.

Though shut in by sickness from active participation in this anniversary day, he is here in spirit, with an interest as sincere and a prayer as fervent as in other days, that God may bless this school. Nothing has been more grateful to him during his recent months of physical weakness than the testimonies of loving regard which have poured in upon him from his Sunday-school friends and co-workers. And so I am sure I may also voice your prayer to-day that his honored and useful life may be spared yet many years, and that when his work on earth is done, he may find abundant entrance into that other house of God "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The address of Mr. H. O. Hall was as follows:

I have great pleasure this afternoon in being permitted to join in the congratulations to the members of the Metropolitan Church and Sunday-school upon this occasion of their silver-wedding anniversary.

Twenty-five years ago the Metropolitan Church and Sunday-school were joined together in the most holy bonds, and, I am glad to say, have lived together in peace and harmony for this quarter of a century.

I was present at the dedication, and had the honor of "standing up" during the ceremony, for I was too gallant a young man to keep my seat when so many ladies and gentlemen were compelled to stand.

With the circumstances associated with my earliest connection with the Metropolitan Church very few of its present members are familiar, for I have seldom spoken of it to anyone. It antedates the day of dedication just one year and five months. I came to Washington early in November, 1867, to accept a Government position. The first private residence I ever entered in this city was the large house which stands on the opposite corner of Four-and-a-half and C streets, just across the way. It was then, as now, the residence of Mr. Lutz, and the Rev. Dr. DeHaas, who was the agent of the General Conference in superintending the erection of the church and the collection of funds, was at that time making his home with Mr. Lutz. The first night after my arrival in the city I called upon Dr. DeHaas, as I had a letter of introduction to him from my brother, who had been a member of his church in Brooklyn and was converted under his preaching. I also had with me my church letter, which I desired to deposit at once, as I was a stranger in the city. After the first greetings were over, I handed my church letter to the doctor, and said that I desired to become a member of the Metropolitan Church.

"Why," said he, "the church is not finished yet, nor dedicated; the floors are not even laid."

I replied "Well, doctor, I am sorry for that, but I came here fully expecting to become a member of the Metropolitan Church, of which I have heard so much, and I do not desire to join any other."

The doctor smiled and seemed pleased with my earnestness, and replied, "Very well, Brother Hall, you may give me your letter and I will deposit it with my church papers, and when the church is finished and organized, it will be read with the other letters of those who become members on that day. In the meantime you will want to worship regularly at some church, and I would recommend you to attend Wesley Chapel." I therefore became a regular attendant at Wesley from that time until the day of dedication, and was soon appointed a teacher in the Sunday-school, although I never was a member of that church. It

was there I first met dear Brother S. S. Bryant and many others who afterwards became members of the Metropolitan Church.

When the Metropolitan Sunday-school was organized, I went into the Bible class. I was unable to be present at the organization one month after the dedication, being confined in Providence Hospital with a severe attack of quinsy just at that time.

Shortly after my marriage that year I removed from the city, but returned in two or three years, and then became a teacher in the Sunday-school and had a very fine class of boys. Among the members of that class whom I now recall was Carroll McKenney, the bright and promising young lawyer, who only a week ago was so suddenly taken away by typhoid fever just as he was entering upon an auspicious career. Other members of that class are to-day honored and respected citizens of Washington and other cities. Mr. C. M. L. Sites, Mr. Andrew Tallmadge, and Mr. William Fullerton, of Chicago, were also members. And right here I might pause to suggest what an excellent thing it would be if in our Sunday-schools we should keep such a record of all our scholars that in after years, when we have anniversaries like this, we might be able to call the roll and point to them wherever they may be, or as they may occupy prominent and honored places in the different spheres in life, as a stimulus and an encouragement to go on in the good work. I should like to know how many of the men who to-day are filling honorable places in the country received their first religious instructions in the Sunday-school of the Metropolitan Church.

For many years I remained an humble teacher in the Sunday-school, seeking no office in the church, for I loved the work of teaching and was content with that. In later years I became president of the missionary society, and was subsequently elected assistant superintendent, and for two terms was superintendent of the Sunday-school. How successful or unsuccessful was my administration of that important office the records of the school will show. I only know that I gave my whole strength and thought to the work of trying to build up a model Sabbath-school.

I had always felt a great interest in the Metropolitan Church from the prominent place it held in Methodism, and I therefore had a desire, and it was my ambition, that it should have the best, if not the largest, Sunday-school in the land, from which should go out through its length and breadth an inspiration and example for good, which should be felt and followed by all with whom we came in contact through the many visitors from the different States and cities who honored us with their presence. With this object in view, a number of changes were deemed necessary in order to get the school out of the grooves in which it had been running. What changes were wrought in the school during those two years it is hardly necessary, and possibly not becoming in me, to mention here, except as a matter of history in reviewing the progress of the school. The constitution and rules of the school were revised and amended in many important points. The school was graded into primary, intermediate, junior, and senior departments, with a graded lesson help for each department, and on each Children's Day such scholars as were found qualified were graduated from the lower to the higher grades, each young graduate receiving a neat diploma. Up to that time but one lesson help was used in the entire school outside of the infant class. A register was placed in the school, in which the names of all visitors were recorded, and an officer of the school was placed at the door to greet all strangers and make them feel at home. A new financial system was inaugurated, and the Easter offering became a fixed institution, and solved the problem which had embarrassed us for fifteen years, of how to raise sufficient funds for the support of the school without interfering with the missionary or educational collections. With the funds thus raised we were able to keep out of debt, purchase much needed accessories, and provide entertainments

MISS CORNELIA A. PURSELL.

and recreation for the children. The library of the school, which had been in use for fifteen years, was replenished and nearly doubled in size through the valuable assistance of an auxiliary society of the school. A new organ was purchased, and the piano and cornet were for the first time introduced into the school to aid our dear Brother Burlew in the conduct of the singing.

All these things tended toward the building up of the school, increasing largely the interest and the average attendance, and in extending its influence far and wide. The good work that has been done by Metropolitan Church and Sabbath-school in these twenty-five years of its history will never be known until we all stand in that great day before the throne, where all secrets will be revealed. The influence that has gone forth from these sacred walls and from the lessons taught here has been for good, and we should feel encouraged to increased diligence and activity, so that when we are laid to rest, and a new generation shall celebrate the golden jubilee, they may be able to speak well of us and recount with pride our self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the Metropolitan Church and Sabbath-school.

Mr. Thos. G. Hensey said:

Twenty-five years have come and gone, and under the good providence of God, I, with some others present, am permitted to appear on this platform.

March 28, 1869, was a memorable day to me. I was a stranger in the city, knowing only two persons, Dr. Newman and a friend of boyhood days. Hearing the school was to be organized, I left my lodgings on Eleventh street and in due time reached the church. Entering the school on Four-and-a-half street, my attention was attracted by Charles H. Lane, long since deceased, who gave me a hearty welcome. Brother D. A. Burr had been appointed superintendent; John Lutz, now deceased, secretary; Capt. Brian, the present foreman of the Government Printing Office, librarian; C. Burlew, chorister; Miss Cornelia Pursell, primary department teacher.

Brother Burr was a tall, slender man, with a sympathetic face, whose piety was so intense that he left its impress upon all. He struggled so hard to reach the hearts of others that he excited such a degree of sympathy from his auditors that they felt disposed to comply with his wishes in deference to his painful anxiety for the salvation of souls.

Among the officers and teachers whom I remember, the following occur to me now: D. A. Burr, John Lutz, C. Burlew, Miss Cornelia Pursell, Asa P. Knight, C. C. Pursell, C. C. Burr, the Sinsabaugh Brothers, Mr. Bolton, and George McCollough.

Lay delegation was voted upon about this time, and, some of the teachers desiring republican form of government, the Quarterly Conference authorized the adoption of the constitution which was subsequently submitted by the following committee:

W. S. Dyre, S. S. Bryant, George McCollough, Mrs. E. Somers, Mrs. Havenner, and Thos. G. Hensey.

The old officers were elected, with two assistant superintendents, Mr. W. S. Dyre and Mrs. Havenner.

Brother Burr graded the school according to the ages of the children, and had all the latest appliances of a modern and model school. His blackboard reviews were superb. He did not have an intermediate class. He was a missionary in every sense of the word; he visited every teacher at his home, and he never left without invoking a blessing in the form of a prayer.

Brother Hall and myself were assigned the eastern and northern sections. We visited the alleys as well as the main streets, and received a

pleasant response from everyone whom we asked, and our members in the school were largely augmented.

Among those associated in my memory, connected with the school, were Brother Geo. W. Gray, Mrs. J. C. Tasker, and Mrs. Stevenson. There are faces in my memory whose names are gone, and one of these days I shall be among that number, and perhaps you too.

And now, friends, if we have met here to-day to glorify ourselves, then this gathering is a failure; but if we have met to put the past behind us and take hold of the present, to do the right as God gives us to see the right, then we shall receive that final plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant"

Miss Cornelia A. Pursell, for twenty-five years principal of the primary department, spoke as follows:

The class met and was regularly organized in class room April 4, 1869; present, 31 girls, 25 boys. The following were the members:

Carrie Lane, Ella Lane, Bessie McKelden, Carrie Hall, Mary Britton, Annie Ribnitsky, Ida Ribnitsky, Hattie Streeter, Minnie Bord, Maggie Bird, Flora Roche, Lillie Roche, Leah Gapen, Ella McGuaggan, Nellie Bryant, Jennie Williams, Hattie Walker, Fannie Snow, Emma Wilkinson, Minnie Chauncey, Myrtie Hughes, Annie Smith, Mamie Sommers, Belle Britton, Ada Norton, Estelle Norton, Rebecca Bird, Abbie Hopkins, Laura Burroughs, Lizzie Tabler, Willie Wilson, Johnnie Wilson, Howard Botetea, Nat. Lane, Fred. Tasker, Harry Cochran, George Atkinson, Sam. Fowler, Wallace Parker, Victor Griffith, Harry Milans, Aloysius Gawler, S. S. Williams, Walter Dodge, Johnnie Walker, Percy Hughes, Harry Ford, Will. Baldwin, Ed. Baldwin, Josie Spanier, Frank Chaves, Charley Dowden, Alex. Hensey, Eddie Royer, Hugh Davidson.

Since April 4, 1869, there have passed from the class 1,000 children, graduating into our own Sunday-school and others. Of those who have gone from the class, several are preaching the gospel, and many are filling places of trust and honor in the church and in the world. As proof that our original members have not outgrown their love for their first Sunday-school, we have now in class the children of the children who were among our earliest scholars. These, too, are "growing up for Jesus," and in future years will be known as earnest workers for the Master.

Of conversions in the class, we can report but few. Primary teachers must be willing to lay the foundation, "Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone," that others may build thereon "a building fitly framed together, growing unto a holy temple in the Lord." Enough for us if, in the glad hereafter, some will say, "Dear teachers, you first led us to Jesus."

Of those who have gone from us to Heaven we report: 1871, Clement Fellows, Jimmie Pumphrey, Howard Walker, Carrie Thomas; 1872, Grace Butterfield, Flodoardo Howard; 1873, Dora Jones; 1875, Fannie Boteler; 1877, Juliet G. Harrison, Oscar Hodgking; 1879, Lizzie Dodge; 1880, Lillie L. King; 1881, Clara L. Wilmarth; 1882, Charley E. Robert; 1883, Bessie Kingsman, Edna Potter, Evangeline Frear; 1886 Florence Gardner, Morton M. Edwards, Grace Rowe; 1889, Ettie G. Fearing, John F. Camilear, Shaler Brooke, Joe Brooks, Owen L. Dalton; 1891, Mary Devlin; 1892, March 3, Belle C. Twombly, for eight years associate teacher, was called from labor to reward; faithful, willing, loving worker, her precious memory is a "goodly heritage;" 1893, Marion Sumpter.

These are all waiting for us in the blessed home, where we never say good-bye.

There are at present on roll 93 scholars—50 girls and 43 boys. Owing to the fact that each year on Children's Day a class is graduated from

primary to intermediate class, the class is not so large in numbers as in former years.

Our regular weekly collection, with small exception, is given to the parent missionary society. In addition, the children have given gladly and generously to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (through mite boxes), to Mrs. Newman's Missionary Home at Round Lake, to Ruth M. Sites's work in China, to Dr. Rudisell's Printing Press Fund, to Central Union Mission, as well as to Home Missionary work, our motto being, "God loveth a cheerful giver." The love of the children and the work for the Master is very sweet and blessed to our own souls. The prayer of your primary teacher is :

"Oh, lead *us*, Lord, that we may lead
Into right paths the children's feet,
Oh, feed us, Lord, that we may feed
Thy little ones, with manna sweet."

Miss S. L. Sommers, superintendent of the Metropolitan Chinese Sunday-school, read the following report :

The work of the Chinese Sunday-school commenced about thirteen years ago, when Mr. H. O. Hall gathered a few of the Chinese in the parlor below. There, with the aid of a few teachers, the work progressed until the small beginning grew to be a school, over which Mr. Hall presided for some years, when he resigned and Mr. Thos. H. McKee was made superintendent, he remaining until the spring of 1893, when he resigned and the present occupant was appointed.

We have now on our roll 44 scholars and 28 teachers, with an average attendance for the last three months of 27 scholars and 19 teachers. The school is organized with officers necessary to the successful carrying on of the work. The teachers are self-denying, earnest, and faithful, and endeavor to instill into the minds of these men the truths contained in God's Word. The exercises consist of singing, prayer, reading the Scripture in concert, a lesson adapted by the teacher to the ability of the scholar, a passage of Scripture either read or recited by the scholars, and a talk by Mrs. M. L. Collins, who takes a few verses from the Bible or a Bible story, translates it into Chinese, and explains it. All listen attentively to her, and the truth is given to those who can not as yet either speak or understand English, and we trust seed is sown which will spring up and bring forth an abundant harvest. We are highly favored in having Mrs. Collins as assistant superintendent as well as teacher. She spent many years in China, and speaks the Cantonese dialect fluently. Her soul is in the work, and she spares no effort to benefit these men.

Eight of the men have been baptized, 4 of whom are in the school at the present time.

A collection is taken each Sunday by one of the pupils. This forms a fund sufficient to furnish all the supplies needed in conducting the school.

The treasurer reports : Balance January 1, 1894, $74.47 ; amount collected to date, $52.87 ; total, $127.34. Contributed to missionary collection, $45.00 ; expended for books and lesson papers, $34.19 ; total, $79.19. Balance on hand, $48.15.

One of the most important branches of this school is the Greek department, in charge of Mrs. M. E. McPherson, who, with her associates, gives faithful attention to this great work. The class was organized in 1891, and has had enrolled from 40 to 50 pupils.

Thus we are endeavoring by the aid of the Holy Spirit to implant in the minds of these men from foreign shores immortal truths, bearing in mind the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void."

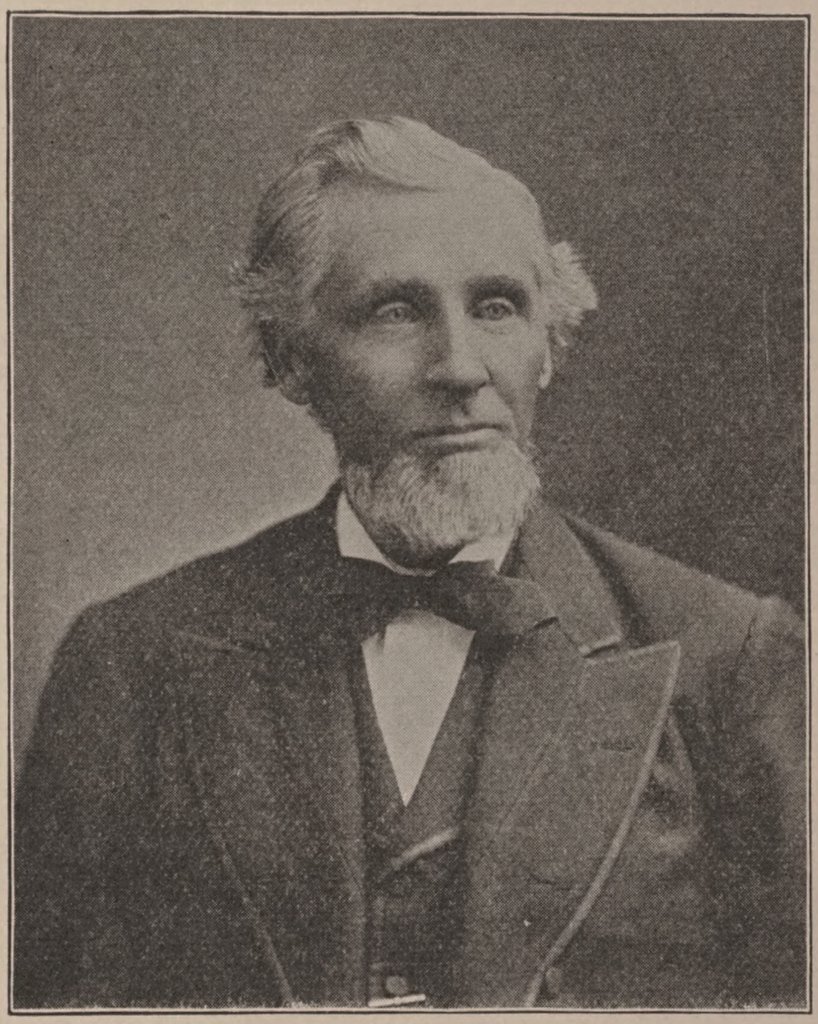
Mr. Gilbert D. Fox said :

There seems to be quite an effort on the part of speakers to be set right as to the matter of age. Having entered the Sunday-school as a scholar and advanced along the line as teacher and missionary president, and at last lived to greet the children of the boys who used to be in my own class, I feel here to-day almost like a grandfather. I rejoice to be once again in the Metropolitan Church. I am glad the chimes are still "attached," and that in this matter-of-fact age sufficient deference is paid to sentiment to keep them ringing out from the Kelso spire. I am proud to be put down as one of Brother Bryant's boys, and while so much of my life has been wasted that I have made no appreciable mark in the world, yet I am proud to see so very many young men in our community successful because of Brother Bryant's kind care and instruction. I know he was even more than father to me. I would like to mention the names of a few of these boys as they occur to me. I did not know them all, and forget some. There were Alex. Belaski and Wm. Van Arsdale, now preachers in our conference. Robert Stead stands high among the architects of Washington. W. H. Houghton is at the head of a large mercantile firm. Elkana N. Waters, now a pillar in the Episcopal Church, is secretary of the Board of Underwriters of the District of Columbia. Mr. Bryant's daughter, Nellie, married one of his boys, Charley Stearns. Nearly all the young men of our church prior to 1890 at one time or another passed through either the church class or Sunday-school class led by Brother Bryant. Prof. C. M. L. Sites is with us to-day, and Prof. Percy Hughes sends regrets ; both are Brother Bryant's boys. He had a very large class of young men at Wesley Chapel before Metropolitan Church was organized. There are many more, but time is not allowed me to even give the names.

Occasions like this must always have a large vein of sadness, unless we look to the future as well as at the past. As for the dead, I can not but feel their presence here this beautiful afternoon. By their influence and precious memory they may always be with us, and should shape largely our present activity. From the "Memorabilia" on the printed program it will be seen that our church was to be the church of a nation, and, placed at this metropolis, it has acquired the name "Metropolitan." But this only faintly indicates its position or mission. It is in reality "cosmopolitan," and its power and example should reach around the world, as have the travels of its former pastor, Bishop Newman. It is gratifying to see this Chinese class and to hear of the methods pursued by the Epworth League of the church, but they should only faintly adumbrate what the future will disclose as to the work accomplished by this church. It seems a shame that outside organizations should be permitted to do what can be done so much better by a church of this size and scope. Especially is this true of every effort made to reach the stranger in our midst.

I can not resist the impression that Metropolitan Church makes upon me as of a great ship—an ocean liner we will say. While we are gratified to witness these memorial tablets and to know that the great men of this nation found here a church home and time to worship God, our hearts go out to those humbler ones who have worked below the decks, storing in the coal and raising the steam that has propelled her to this present proud position on the high seas of salvation. I hope these brave workers, almost unseen save of God, may never lose heart, and that the prayers and pentecostal seasons still experienced in the lower sanctuary may never grow less. No pastor will succeed without them, and any success apart from such influences will be unreal and unsatisfactory.

I am glad the workers of the church hold out and hold on so well. There is a great temptation to compare notes, to talk it all over, but in



MR. CORNELIUS BURLEW.

this busy world we can hardly afford time to bring our craft to anchor. As we pass and repass one by one, tacking and sometimes going before the wind, yet all steering for the same haven of rest, we can only hoist the signal, "All is well." We are found at our post of duty, and God is pleased. At last—

Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But, oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

Dr. Wm. S. Washburn, the first president of the Epworth League, gave the following address:

It was a wise man and a close observer who said, "Show me a strong and progressive church, and I will show you an enthusiastic and effective organized body of the young people in and for the church. Organization of the young for the salvation of the young is the greatest need of the church to-day." The truth of this statement is attested by the comparatively recent organization and unparalleled growth of the several young people's societies connected with the various Protestant denominations.

The Epworth League was so recently born that, from its tender age alone, it can scarcely claim attention in these memorial exercises, as Metropolitan Church had been in existence quite twenty years, covering the whole period of the several pastorates of Bishop Newman, before the league saw the light of day. Other than briefest remarks in retrospection ought not, therefore, to be expected at this time.

The Sunday-school has been called the nursery of the church, and ours has been doing duty in this direction for a quarter of a century; but the Epworth League is a training school for children of a larger growth, and our chapter has been in existence only one-fifth as long. On next Monday evening five years will have elapsed since Metropolitan chapter sprang into existence quite like Pallas-Athene, clad from head to foot in Pauline armor. Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Corey was then our pastor. He, with others, saw and felt the need of the aid and support of the younger church membership. It was in November, 1889, when Dr. Corey gave notice that a meeting would be held for the purpose of organizing a young people's society in the church. It is scarcely necessary to recall with what unanimity of thought and purpose the people came together and effected the organization of a chapter of the Epworth League, which from that day unto this has been a positive, active, and effective Christian force at work in our midst, not for personal aggrandizement, but for the sake of Christian healthfulness and helpfulness. It was the first society organized under the name Epworth League in the District of Columbia, save one. Dumbarton Avenue Church, Georgetown, has the honor of having the first charter for the District.

It is not a league in name only, but a harmonious and united body composed of the young people of the church and congregation, loyal to the church and its pastor. I say young, for, in paraphrase, men and women are only boys and girls grown tall; hearts don't change much (sometimes) after all. I think I but voice the sentiment of all in saying that the league from its inception became a reservoir of vital spiritual forces, from which have been constantly flowing streams of inspiring influences ennobling all, even the stranger within our gates. Witness the Sunday evening service! Through summer's heat and winter's cold a goodly number of Godly workers have met for praise and sacred song, for self-help and to help one another. The work of our Epworth League goes on without regard to season.

No words of mine can add anything in praise of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, manifesting their loyalty and devotion

to the Redeemer's cause in faithfully supporting the church through well-directed organized effort. "Verily their works do follow them." From the very beginning the young ladies have constituted a majority of the membership, and it is more than probable that woman has done the greater part of the work in this branch of church activity, as well as in other branches. Some say it is fitting that she should, for the school, the church, and the home make up the tripod on which rests the natural sphere of her usefulness. At any rate it ill becomes us not to acknowledge more frequently her patient, persistent, and telling work for a nobler manhood and womanhood in church and home and native land.

I will not anticipate the memorial service proper which is to follow this evening, but in running over the roll of the league I am reminded of the words of the poet—

Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home;
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam;
Some are gone from us forever,
Longer here they might not stay—
They have reached a fairer region
Far away, far-away.

Though dead they yet speak, for they have left us the rich legacy of noble and useful lives. They were not merely good, but good to do something worthy of emulation. It is the fashion of the day for people to shout until the welkin rings over many who have become notoriously great, but are not truly good. True greatness was long ago exemplified in Jesus Christ, who went about doing good. Happy through all eternity is that one who leaves in the memory of those who remain behind a glow of sunshine full of heavenly power as he vanishes from the earth. In the great hereafter it will not be considered whether that one did some great deed, but whether he did some great good. Bravery and heroism are, indeed, essential elements of true manhood and womanhood, but it is the rugged courage of a hero in that youth's soul who persistently stands by his Epworth motto, "Look up, lift up," and does not compromise with evil "even though a thousand foes beset him round."

The league's motto is worthy of our notice. It epitomizes a great dual truth, which I wish each one might hold in fond remembrance, especially when you feel man's inhumanity to man. It is your twofold relationship and duty to God and to your fellow men, tersely expressed in the forceful words, "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

As I said in effect at the beginning, it is not retrospect, but prospect, which the league has to offer as its share in this afternoon's service. The movement of our Epworth League had its origin in the assumption that there is work for young Christians, and that there are some things young Christians can do which older Christians can not so easily accomplish. A story will illustrate this: On the coast of Normandy a woman, with her child in her arms, once became entangled in a stretch of quicksand and could not get free. A wagon drawn by strong horses was sent to the rescue and sank in the sand. All means tried failed. At last a light-footed boy was sent speeding over the sands with a life-line, and mother and child were saved. Our Epworth League is that light-footed boy, who can go where the heavy ecclesiastical wagon sinks by its own weight. Every Christian ought to regard himself as sent out with a life-line to help somebody or save somebody. One ought to do this, first, for his own sake; second, your brother needs, perchance, the Christian assistance your activity can give. "Old men for counsel, young men for action." You can interest him in manly, invigorating physical exercise. It can be found in the gymnasium or on the campus. Would that every church were in possession of these means by which young men could be reached and kept away from vice and corruption. Can not the church enter upon a

broader avenue of usefulness through the aid of its young people? Let the Epworth League form an alliance with the Young Men's Christian Association, if the church has not its own reading-room, debating room, gymnasium, etc., as one of the best methods at hand to reach, to direct, and to save the young of the cities everywhere. All instrumentalities must be made use of to perfect sound morals and a sound mind in a sound body, to the end that the temple of the immortal soul shall not be defiled, and that piety may be free to enter and dwell therein forever.

Here is a wide field for young Christian activity. Despise not the day of small things. Do not overlook small opportunities, little acts of kindly service; life is made up of these things. Underlying every opportunity, however trivial, is a duty, and underlying every duty is a destiny. If you learn the relation of opportunity to duty, God will teach you the relation of duty to destiny, and then you will hold the highest treasure of His mercies in your grasp. Consecrate your life to others, and think of God's power as always moving through this world. Lay hold of that power at every point of vantage. Remember always "the end of man is not a mere thought, but an action—a series of manful, faithful actions (and of modest, silent, steadfast endurances withal), which make up worthily man's life here below." Remember also that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Mr. Cornelius Burlew said:

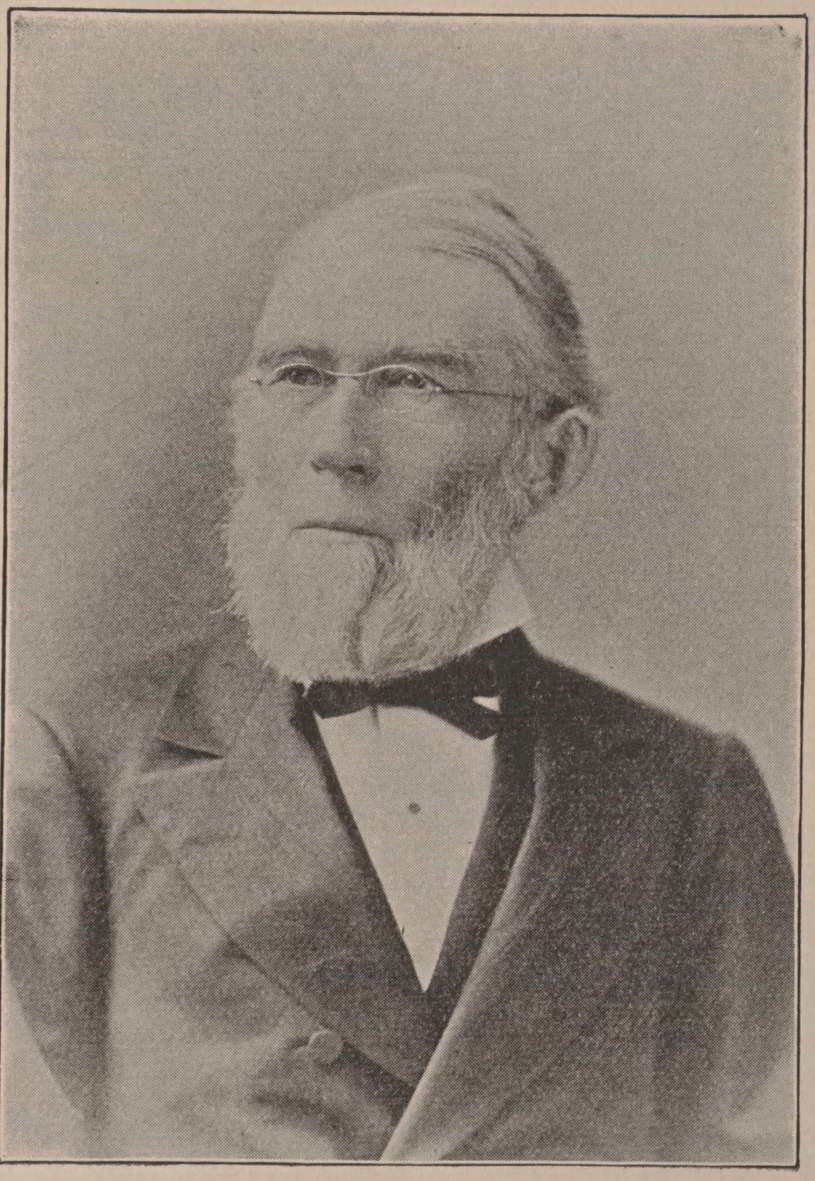
I have been greatly honored by being thought worthy to fill the position of chorister these past twenty-five years in this great church, where the nation's heroes have deemed it a privilege to worship at its sacred altars. Here I have witnessed many scenes of rejoicing, as well as of sorrow. I often recall the roll of our honored dead, whose good works are still so vivid in memory, and these thoughts of old friends gone, who were so recently with us in our beloved church, admonish me that time is passing, and that what I have to do must be done quickly. So let me say I sincerely hope that the sentiment of some song or gospel hymn in which I have had a part may have stirred some life to better hope and deeds.

During the service Mr. Burlew sang the song entitled, "The Beautiful Light," the audience joining in the chorus.

During the afternoon Bishop and Mrs. John P. Newman entered the church, and were provided with seats about the altar, the bishop choosing a seat with the infant class. At the conclusion of one of the addresses, Dr. Johnston proposed "that we hear from the infant class, and that we call upon Bishop Newman to respond." The bishop, in a few well-chosen words, electrified all present by touching many of the golden chords that bind childhood and old age in sweet memories in Metropolitan Church. Mrs. Newman was then introduced, and talked for a few minutes to the edification of all present.

In closing the service, Dr. Johnston said:

I congratulate the school and league upon the success of this service. The Sunday-school is the teaching agency of the church. It is not an institution apart from the church, but is, in fact, the church itself moving in a particular direction, acting upon the young. I also desire to emphasize the remark of the bishop on the importance of the Epworth League. Others have made the church what it is to-day; you are to make the church of the future. If the record of the coming twenty-five years be as glorious as the history of the past, it will be because of your fidelity and your consecration to Christ and His church. May God's richest blessing rest upon the Metropolitan Sunday-school and Epworth League.



MR. SAMUEL FOWLER.

EVENING SERVICE.

8 P. M.

The anniversary meeting was held at 8 o'clock. Bishop John P. Newman presided. Rev. J. H. McCarty offered prayer. After the singing of the hymn, "From all that Dwell Below the Skies," Bishop Newman, in a brief address, introduced the following program:

Historical sketch of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, by Mr. Andrew B. Duvall:

"Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord led thee."—Deut. 8:2.

Methodism had been planted in the District of Columbia when the seat of the Federal Government was located here. It kept pace fairly with the increase of population, but it had no churches of any considerable size. About the middle of the century the movement began for the erection of a national church at the capital, representative in its character, and affording a home for Methodists from all sections of the country, called here by business or pleasure.

On March 30, 1852, Chas. W. Boteler, Wm. G. Deale, Chas. H. Lane, Samuel Norment, Dr. Flodoardo Howard, Thomas Pursell, Thomas H. Havenner, and Z. W. McKnew, members of old Wesley Chapel, purchased the property at the southwest corner of Four-and-a-half and C streets, upon which the church was afterwards erected. This location was then in the most desirable residence portion of the city.

The history of the Metropolitan Church is unlike that of any other erected in the denomination, in that the General Conferences have adopted it from its inception and dealt with it in an altogether exceptional manner. On May 10, 1852, the General Conference passed the following resolution: "That, regarding the success of the enterprise as of high importance to the interests of Methodism throughout the country, we will give it our individual influence in our respective annual conferences, and by all appropriate means aid in its promotion."

At the session of the Baltimore Conference, March 2, 1853, the Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., one of the ablest men in the conference, was appointed agent. He collected considerable money, which was applied to the purchase of the land, but the agitated state of the country caused the enterprise to lag until the session of the General Conference of 1856. There, upon the report of a committee consisting of Rev. Drs. John McClintock, M. Raymond, J. P. Durbin, J. V. Watson, and Edward Thompson, the conference resolved, "That we erect in the metropolis of our nation a large, attractive denominational church edifice, which should be regarded as a connectional monument to our beloved Methodism, as expressive of our gratitude to God for the honor he has vouchsafed to confer on us in making us the instruments of spreading Scriptural holiness so extensively through these lands; that the honor of the church is pledged to the accomplishment of this enterprise, and so pledged that its failure would subject the church to merited reproach." Also, resolved, "That, in view of the connectional character of the Metropolitan Church, it is the judgment of this General Conference that the bishops in making appointments should, by a transfer, supply said church with pastors suc-

cessively from all parts of our work." The Baltimore Conference then appointed Rev. W. M. D. Ryan as agent. He succeeded in laying the foundation for the main edifice.

On October 23, 1854, the corner stone was laid. Bishop Matthew Simpson conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Dr. Wm. Hamilton and others. The ceremonies were very imposing.

The general financial depression which followed caused a suspension of the work a second time.

In April, 1866, Bishops Simpson and Ames, whose personal interest in the enterprise never flagged, induced Rev. F. S. DeHaas, D. D., of the New York East Conference, to undertake the building of the church. His laborious and earnest efforts from one end of the land to the other, visiting the conferences and eloquently presenting the cause, were rewarded with such material encouragement that the present edifice was constructed upon the old foundations. He secured contributions, large and small, in all sections of the Union, among the largest contributors at home being Messrs. M. G. Emery, Samuel Norment, Francis A. Lutz, Thomas J. S. Perry, Wm. B. Jackson, Thomas L. Tullock, Benjamin Charlton, and Samuel Fowler.

Among the notable gifts to the church at the time of its erection were the memorial windows; the handsome organ from Mr. Carlos Pierce, of Massachusetts; the beautiful communion service from Mrs. James Foster, of New York, in memory of her deceased husband; and the stone from Jerusalem, with the inscription, "Jehovah Jireh," being the keystone in the arch above the pulpit, from Dr. DeHaas. Over the pulpit is a circular stained-glass window in full view of the congregation, typifying the descent of the Spirit, with the encircling legend, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." The pulpit was designed by Bishop Simpson, and is partly made from olive wood from the Holy City. In the vestibule there is a portion of tessellated marble pavement from the debris of Solomon's Temple. Upon the windows of the church are the following inscriptions, almost constituting a centenary memorial of early American Methodism:

Bishops of Methodist Episcopal Church: Beverly Waugh; died February 9, 1858. Richard Whatcoat; died July 5, 1806. Wm. McKendree; died March 5, 1835; Enoch George; died August 23, 1828. Robert R. Roberts; died March 28, 1843. Elijah Hedding; died April 9, 1852. John Emory; died December 16, 1835. Thomas Coke; died May 3, 1814. Francis Asbury; died March 31, 1816.

Rev. Robert Strawbridge, founder of the first Methodist society in Maryland, 1760.

Rev. Asabel E. Phelps; died March 15, 1853; of Illinois Conference.

Rev. Jesse Walker; died October 4, 1835; aged 69.

Stephen Olin, D. D., and Nathan Bangs, D. D., of New York East Conference.

James Floy, D. D., and John Kennaday, D. D., of New York East Conference.

Thomas Armstrong, of Baltimore, for sixty years a member of the Old City Station. Died in peace November 14, 1868.

Col. John Berry; died October 17, 1856. "My work is done." By his son, Gen. J. S. Berry.

Rev. John M. Green, M. D.; died at Washington, D. C., December 28, 1877; aged 66. "Servant of God, well done!"

John Coggeshall, esq.; born in Essex County, England, 1591; died in Newport, R. I., November 27, 1649.

Rev. Jesse Lee and Dan. Webb, apostles of Methodism in New England; by David Snow, esq., Boston, Mass.

Rev. John Summerfield, an eloquent minister of Christ; died June 13, 1825; aged 27. "All is perfection."

Rev. Samuel M. Dickson, of Baltimore Conference; died November 13, 1866; aged 29.

Carlos Pierce; born at Stantstead, 1831; died 1870. Romans 12.—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A grateful offering of an only son. To the memory of his sainted parents, Edward and Eliza Revere, and his sister, Mary E. Revere, of New York.

Rev. John Strange, pioneer preacher in Indiana; died December 2, 1852; aged 46.

Wm. H. Raper, D. D., of Cincinnati Conference; died Febuary 11, 1852.

Chas. Elliott, D. D., LL. D.; died at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, January 6, 1869; aged 76.

Rev. Russell Bigelow, Rev. John Collins, and Rev. Jacob Young, of the Ohio Conference.

Our fallen missionaries: Mrs. Francis J. Wiley; died at Foo Chow, China, November 3, 1853; aged 27. "If I had a thousand lives, I would give all for China." Mrs. Marilla P. Pierce, adopted daughter of F. T. Peck, D. D.; died in India November 4, 1862; aged 27. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Wm. Hamilton, D. D., for fifty-three years an honored member of the Baltimore Annual Conference; died February 5, 1872; aged 73. "He was not, for God took him."

Mark Stephenson, M. D., founder of the first German Methodist Sunday-school in New York; died August 28, 1865; aged 62.

Hon. John McLean, LL. D., one of the judges of the U. S. Supreme Court; died April 4, 1861.

The church was dedicated on February 28, 1869, in the presence of a vast concourse of people from all parts of the land. Bishop Simpson preached in the morning; text, Ezekiel 47:9. In the afternoon, Rev. W. Morley Punshon, A. M., the distinguished Wesleyan; text, 1 Peter 2:4. In the evening, Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D. D.; text, 1 Corinthians 4:4. The dedicatory services were conducted by Bishop Simpson, assisted by Rev. Drs. DeHaas, Hamilton, Kynett, and Cookman.

A singular coincidence occurred on dedication day. Dr. Punshon had selected for his sermon the same text used by Bishop Simpson for the morning discourse, and he was compelled to change both his text and subject. It is worthy of comment that, while the Dominion of Canada loaned us her Punshon twenty-five years ago, at this anniversary we find as our beloved pastor another Canadian, Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., the biographer of Punshon.

On the Tuesday evening following the dedication the Rev. Dr. Punshon lectured on "John Bunyon," and two grand organ concerts were given by Mr. Eugene Thayer, of the Boston music hall. This was the week of Gen. Grant's first inauguration, and the city was thronged with visitors.

On Easter Sunday, March 28, 1869, the church was organized by Rev. John P. Newman, D. D., as pastor. He received 94 persons into membership by letter and 3 on probation. An immense congregation was present, among whom were the President, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice of the United States, and many members of Congress and representative citizens. Dr. Newman's text was Matthew 28:6.

The Sunday-school was organized at the same time, with David A. Burr, esq., as superintendent; Miss Cornelia A. Pursell, being then, as now, principal of the primary department; George W. Gray, its treasurer; and Mr. Cornelius Burlew, then, as now, chorister of the school.

The pew for the President of the United States was set apart as the gift of Mr. Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore; one for the Vice-President as the gift of Gen. John S. Berry, of Baltimore; and one for the Chief Justice as the gift of Mr. Daniel Drew, of New York. Gen. Grant occupied his pew for eight years, Vice-President Colfax his pew for four years, and Chief Justice Chase his pew for four years. Pews were also set apart and marked for several of the States and larger cities.

The original board of trustees consisted of Gen. U. S. Grant, Chief Justice S. P. Chase, Hon. M. G. Emery, Samuel Norment, Samuel Fowler, Francis A. Lutz, Dr. F. Howard, Thomas L. Tullock, and David A. Burr. All are now deceased except Hon. M. G. Emery and Mr. Samuel Fowler.

Dr. Newman's first pastorate continued for three years, the limit of service then allowed by the Discipline. He filled the full measure of anticipation; and the pulpit of Metropolitan Church became known throughout the land, at once exercising a mighty influence for righteousness and making Methodism conspicuous.

When the church was dedicated, there remained a debt of $75,000, the structure having cost in the neighborhood of $200,000. Twenty-five thousand dollars of this indebtedness was a floating debt, and $50,000 was represented by bonds secured upon the church property. The floating indebtedness was liquidated during Dr. Newman's first pastorate, one of the instrumentalities being a national committee, of which Mrs. Grant, wife of Gen. Grant, was chairman. This committee sent out an appeal in the shape of an autograph letter by Mrs. Grant, and secured upwards of $8,000.

Washington Methodism had far exceeded the utmost limits of expectation in its contributions for the erection of the church. It was never the intention that the payment of this bonded debt should fall upon the congregation worshiping here. The enterprise was in its inception professedly a connectional enterprise for Methodism at large. Accordingly, a memorial was presented to the General Conference of 1872, reciting the dedication of the church, its successful operation for three years, and the existence of the bonded debt, provisions for the payment of which, it was claimed, should be made by the General Conference. This was a unique memorial, signed by the President of the United States and the Chief Justice of the United States, in connection with the other trustees of the church.

The General Conference of May, 1872, adopted a report, which states: "The action of previous conferences is fully recognized; the Metropolitan Church is a connectional enterprise. It has been erected under the highest sanction of the church and for the people of the whole country."

At a meeting of the bishops following the conference the trustees of the church were advised to communicate the facts to the "general committee on church extension," which recommended the "board of church extension" to indorse the bonds of the church for $35,000, with a deed of trust on the property as security, provided the trustees of the church would guarantee the punctual payment of interest on the bonds, and that all other indebtedness of the church be removed. The board of church extension, however, declined to indorse the bonds of the church, because they were advised they had no legal authority, under their charter, to indorse any bonds. This was a grave disappointment at the time, and seriously imperiled the effort to provide for the debt. The compensation came, however, six years afterwards, when Chaplain McCabe, the secretary of the same board, performed his herculean task.

Before their declination had been communicated, and with the hope that relief would be thus afforded, Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, D. D., who was then pastor of the church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Ives, of Auburn, N. Y., obtained a very large subscription in the church; and on the 1st of January, 1874, the $50,000 deed of trust was released, and a new deed of trust, to secure $35,000 in bonds, was executed, and at the same time the trustees entered into a personal obligation to pay the interest on these bonds.

In 1876 the matter of the debt was again laid before the General Conference, and the bishops were authorized to appoint an agent for the church. In November, 1876, they appointed Rev. Dr. Newman, who was then pastor of the church. Dr. Newman, in the midst of his pastorate,

REV. GEO. H. COREY. REV. F. S. DEHAAS.

REV. ROBT. N. BAER. REV. HUGH JOHNSTON. REV. THOS. M. EDDY.

REV. H. R. NAYLOR. REV. O. H. TIFFANY. REV. E. D. HUNTLEY.

made an appeal to the church at large and went out on a lecture tour, and by this means secured $4,000.

The General Conference was again appealed to, and in 1880 it requested the bishops to adopt measures to secure the payment of the debt. Financial affairs had now reached a deplorable condition. Suit had been brought against the trustees personally on the bond for accumulated interest, and a crisis seemed imminent. The bishops requested and authorized Chaplain C. C. McCabe to raise the money. He was then engrossed in his arduous duties as secretary of the Church Extension Society, but without in the least diminishing his labors in that office, he inaugurated an effort to extinguish the debt. He proposed to Rev. R. N. Baer, D. D., then pastor of the church, that if the congregation would raise $15,000 (in addition to the $4,000 secured by Dr. Newman on his lecture tour), he and Bishop Simpson would assume the balance of the debt. This proposition was acceded to, and Dr. Baer, assisted by Bishop Andrews, then resident bishop, secured the required amount; while Chaplain McCabe, by popular subscriptions, involving an immense amount of personal labor, secured the sum of $30,294.27, making in all the sum of $50,294.27, with which the bonded debt, with its accrued interest, and the floating debt were liquidated; and on the 27th day of January, 1884, "Emancipation Day" was celebrated. In the morning Bishop Simpson preached; text, Isaiah 42:4. In the evening Chaplain McCabe preached; text, Numbers 13:30.

This closed the long and disheartening chapter of the burdensome and crushing debt which had rested upon the church for fifteen years. It was the stone of Sisyphus, which continually rolled back upon the weary burden bearers. There were days and years when the possibility of relief seemed hopeless. But in all this time the faithful men and women of the Metropolitan Church were contributing liberally of their means to all the connectional enterprises, the collections of the church during the first nine years averaging $20,000.

The connectional collections to March, 1894, were as follows: Conference claimants, $5,442.45; missionary (church), $9,918.73; missionary (Sunday-school), $10,626.15; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, $4,020.39; Woman's Home Missionary Society, $1,257; Church Extension, $1,113.64; Tract Society, $98.07; American Bible Society, $517.90; Sunday-school Union, $222.32; Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society, $716.69; education, $360; children's fund, $95; total, $34,388.34. Totals for years: 1870, $767.29; 1880, $754.96; 1890, $1,809; 1894, $2,592.

During the struggle with the debt the church was fortunate in having as the president of its board of trustees the Hon. Matthew G. Emery, as the treasurer of its funded debt Hon. Thomas L. Tullock (now deceased), and as treasurer Mr. Samuel Fowler, men of proven financial ability and resources.

But while for a period of fifteen years the debt clouded the horizon, the history of that period is far from a mere successful struggle with a huge debt, however creditable that is conceded to have been; for during all of these years the glorious gospel had been faithfully preached, attendance upon public service had been large, the membership of the church and Sunday-school had increased, and all the work of an evangelical church had been done, and well done.

When the church was dedicated, it was still incomplete, for it was without the spire, and also without the iron railing. Mrs. A. Ensign Newman, the wife of Dr. Newman, secured contributions and donations to fully complete the structure, as well as to furnish a fountain for the school room. On Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1871, the spire, with the chime of bells, was dedicated. The spire was named after Mr. Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore, who gave $5,000 for its erection. He had previously given

$7,000 for the erection of the church. The chimes were the gift of several individuals. The inscriptions upon the bells are as follows :

A. Ensign Newman, wife of Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D., first pastor of the Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church. "She hath done what she could."—Mark 14:8.

Mrs. Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., New York City. "Holiness unto the Lord."

Mrs. Drake Mills, Williamstown, Mass. "The poor shall hear thereof and be glad."

Mrs. John B. Cornell, New York City. "O, come ! Let us worship and bow down."

Julia Dent Grant, wife of U. S. Grant, President of the United States of America.

Nellie Wade Colfax, wife of Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President of the United States of America.

Mrs. Governor Cooke, wife of H. D. Cooke, first governor of the District of Columbia.

Miss Amanda L. Grant, daughter of Capt. A. Grant. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Mrs. Ellen Y. Daniel, Baltimore, Md. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

Infant class of the Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The efforts of Mrs. Newman were recognized by the presentation to her by Mr. Tullock, on behalf of the trustees, of a bouquet of flowers, containing $550 in greenbacks, which she reluctantly accepted, and only with the understanding that it would be donated to some good purpose. With it she presented two bells for churches in India and one in China, so that the notes in the chiming of the Metropolitan bells are heard afar in heathen lands. In the evening of the same day Dr. and Mrs. Newman held a reception in the parlors of the church, among the guests being the President and Mrs. Grant and many distinguished public officials.

On February 1, 1876, a terrible wind storm visited this locality, and the graceful and beautiful spire was badly wrecked. Riggers from the United States navy yard scaled the dizzy heights to put it in place, and, under the directions of Mr. W. T. Dewdney of the Treasury Department, the spire was firmly and securely restored to its original position. Mr. Chas. E. Walker assisted in this work, as he had in the construction of the main edifice. Dr. Newman gave a lecture to pay for the cost of repairs.

For more than fifteen years Prof. Frederick Widdows was in charge of the chimes. On every Sunday the familiar gospel tunes have been heard all over the city ; the old year has been rung out and the new year rung in, and appropriate chimes have been rung for all the holidays. The present chimer is Prof. Gibson.

In March, 1873, Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., was appointed pastor of the church. His pastorate was terminated in May of the same year by his election by the General Conference, to which he was a delegate, as missionary secretary, which office he filled with the greatest acceptability to the time of his death, in October, 1874. Dr. Eddy was one of the ablest men of our denomination. His matchless eloquence and his tireless zeal forever enshrine his name in the annals of Methodism.

Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, D. D., was the next pastor, serving until 1875. During his pastorate the church flourished and its membership increased. Among the notable events were the baptism of the Indian chief "Dave," the reception attended by Gen. Grant and his cabinet, and the addresses by foreign ministers who had been attending the Evangelical Alliance in New York. Dr. Tiffany officiated at the marriage of Miss Nellie Grant at the White House. After serving his full term at the Metropolitan Church, Dr. Tiffany continued his ministry in the leading churches until his death at

Minneapolis in 1893. He was a superb man and a peerless preacher. Who can forget his marvelous voice or the majestic and beautiful language in which he delivered the gospel message?

In March, 1875, Dr. Newman succeeded Dr. Tiffany. On the 4th of July, 1876, the centennial of American independence, there was a notable special service held in the church, addresses being delivered by Dr. Newman and Senator Wright, of Iowa; an original poem by L. A. Gobright, esq.; Mrs. John C. Tasker sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the congregation joining in the chorus; a collection was taken for the Washington Monument.

In March, 1876, the Baltimore Conference, Bishop Bowman presiding, held its session in the church. Dr. Newman was elected a delegate to the General Conference.

In May, 1876, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held its session in the church.

Rev. Henry R. Naylor, D. D., was appointed pastor in March, 1878, and served with acceptability for two years. His pulpit ministrations were appreciated by large congregations, and his pastoral care endeared him to the membership. A great grief visited him in the loss of his excellent wife, and he felt constrained to ask a change in his field of labor at the end of his second year.

Dr. Naylor was succeeded by Rev. Robert N. Baer, D. D., March, 1880. The youngest pastor of Metropolitan Church, Dr. Baer was exceptionally gifted; of large frame and noble bearing; of womanly modesty and manly grace. He preached the gospel here for three years with eloquence and impressiveness. The charm of his deep-toned voice and earnest manner is recalled with mournful pleasure, as we remember that on September 28, 1888, in the midst of a successful career in Baltimore, at the age of 48, he was suddenly called from labor to reward.

In 1881 the Chinese school was organized by Harry O. Hall. Miss S. L. Sommers is now in charge of the school.

In March, 1883, Rev. E. D. Huntley, D. D., was transferred from the Wisconsin Conference and stationed at the Metropolitan Church. His pastorate extended over three years. Mrs. Huntley was his most efficient helper. The prayer meetings during this period were well attended and were always occasions of profit and interest. During his term, in March, 1886, the Baltimore Conference held its sessions in the church, Bishop Ninde presiding.

In March, 1886, Dr. Newman was appointed pastor of the church for the third time. There are many changes in a Washington congregation in the course of eight years, and he doubtless missed many familiar faces and faithful friends, but his remarkable pulpit powers soon filled the church with congregations almost equal to the old-time throngs. The Archæological class was instituted, to the delight of the people, while the special discourses of holy week attracted crowded audiences. In the midst of his term the General Conference, in May, 1888, laid its hands upon him and called him to a wider field of usefulness by electing him one of the bishops of the church. Before leaving the Metropolitan Church, Dr. Newman had the church repaired and the main auditorium refrescoed, causing the interior of the church to be thoroughly renovated.

In the fall of 1888 Rev. G. H. Corey, D. D., of the New York East Conference, was transferred to the Baltimore Conference and appointed pastor of the Metropolitan Church. For five years this scholarly and eloquent minister served this church, and all its interests prospered. During his term the Epworth League was organized, November 12, 1889, with Wm. S. Washburn as its first president. The league has flourished exceedingly; all of its departments of work are being vigorously prosecuted by the young people of the church. Its second president, Mr. C. M. Lacey Sites, has been recently elected president of the Fourth General Conference District Epworth League.

On March 25, 1890, Bishop John F. Hurst held the first public meeting at which he presented the plan for the American University, on which occasion addresses were delivered by Bishop Hurst, Bishop Newman, and Senator Colquitt.

On October 28, 1890, the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church held their semiannual meeting here, and a largely attended reception was tendered them by the Methodists of this city.

On October 7–20, 1891, the Second Ecumenical Methodist Conference held its sessions in our church. On this memorable occasion delegates from all quarters of the world were in attendance. President Harrison, upon invitation, appeared and addressed the conference.

It is also worthy of record that the initial public meetings for the Methodist Home and the Deaconess Home were held in this church.

Mural tablets are erected on the wall near the pulpit—one, of bronze, to Gen. Grant (*see* plate), and the other, in marble, to Gen. Logan (*see* plate).

Bishop John F. Hurst, resident bishop, is an attendant upon our church. In January, 1893, a reception was given to him and his wife and to Rev. S. L. Bieler, Ph. D., the vice-chancellor of the American University, and his wife, who are also attendants.

In March, 1893, Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., of Canada, was appointed supply for the Metropolitan Church until his admission to the Cincinnati Conference, from which he was transferred to the Baltimore Conference and appointed our pastor. Dr. Johnston's family was from New Jersey, but in early youth his father removed to Canada, where his son entered the Wesleyan ministry and filled the best appointments in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal. He has greatly endeared himself to the people, alike by his pulpit ministrations and his pastoral work. The membership is working harmoniously, and all the indications of a successful pastorate are manifest. The present membership is 581.

The board of trustees, March 28, 1894, consisted of Hon. M. G. Emery, Samuel Fowler, Andrew B. Duvall, Benjamin Charlton (now deceased), S. S. Henkle, A. D. Lynch, A. P. Lacey, Fred. E. Tasker, and George W. Gray.

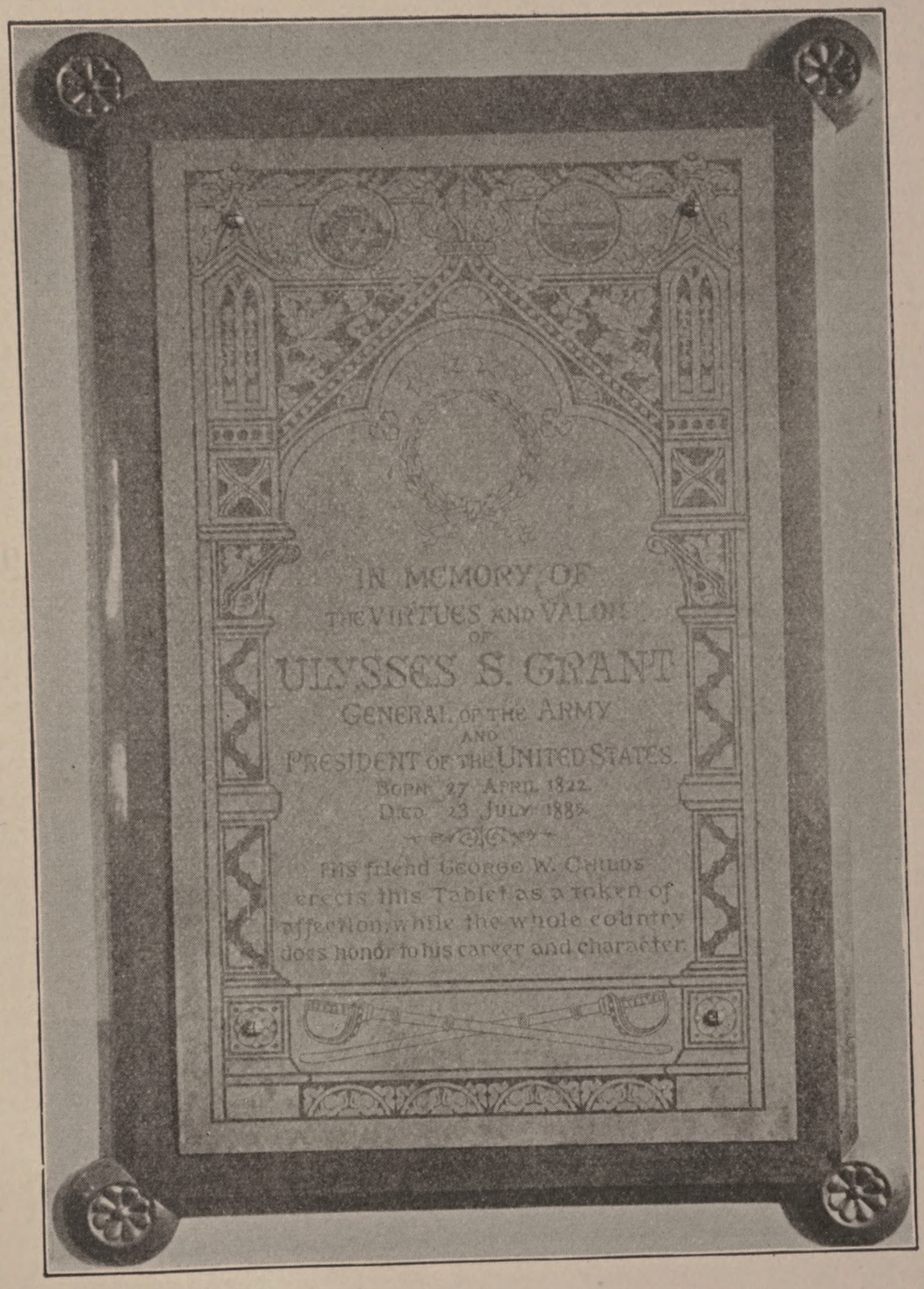
One of our notable institutions is the "Strangers' Class," held immediately after the morning services. Theodore W. Tallmadge is the present leader.

In addition to the Chinese missionary work, which has been mentioned, Brother John W. Matchett, an exhorter in this church and one of its original members, labors specially among the Hebrews, while Mrs. Mary E. McPherson has an interesting class of young Greeks.

From the Metropolitan Church have gone forth as missionaries to foreign fields Miss Swaney to Mexico, Miss Christiancy to South America, Miss Easton to India, and Miss Ruth Sites to China; and from the church have also gone forth as preachers of the gospel Frank H. Havenner of the Baltimore Conference (son of Thomas H. Havenner, one of the earliest and most active workers in the movement for the erection of the Metropolitan Church), Alexander Bielaski of the Baltimore Conference, Henry C. Weakley of the Ohio Conference, James Thoburn of the Pittsburg Conference (son of Bishop Thoburn), Edward S. Tasker of the New Hampshire Conference (son of A. P. Tasker, the first organist of the church), Lockwood Ensign of the New York Conference (nephew of Mrs. Dr. Newman), and Ruter W. Springer of the Baltimore Conference (son of the Hon. William M. Springer), now a chaplain in the United States Army.

The church treasurers from the first have had onerous labors imposed upon them. Never will be forgotten the valuable and faithful services of those previously named, and John A. Ruff, Charles C. Burr, John C. Tasker, W. F. Gapen, and the present treasurer, James M. Holmes.

The care of the children and young people has not been neglected. The



MURAL TABLET IN METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school has been faithfully cared for. Its first superintendent, David A. Burr, esq., was consecrated, enthusiastic, and progressive; he was the Sunday-school leader in this section. The friend and follower of Vincent, he put into operation the instrumentalities and methods of modern Sunday-school work, and laid the foundations for the future success of the school. The superintendents who followed him with efficient services were John A. Ruff, Andrew B. Duvall, Anderson P. Lacey, Harry O. Hall, Thomas G. Hensey, Percy M. Hughes, and the present successful superintendent, Thomas H. McKee. The school now numbers 77 officers and 438 scholars.

The ministers whose names are connected with the Metropolitan Church have been men of distinction. While serving this church, Drs. Slicer, Newman, and Huntley were chaplains of the Senate; Dr. Eddy was elected missionary secretary; Dr. Newman was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. DeHaas was consul to Jerusalem; Dr. Naylor was presiding elder of this district. One of our layman, S. S. Henkle, esq., was elected a delegate from the Baltimore Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in May, 1892.

The faithful ones who to-day love this Zion, and whose prayers continually ascend for its prosperity while they joyfully labor for the Lord, surely have "a goodly heritage."

The "Roll of the Dead" was delivered by Rev. Hugh Johnston:

We are commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of this time-honored sanctuary, hallowed by ten thousand precious associations and fragrant with ten thousand tender memories. In our rejoicings we pay the tribute of respect and honor to those whose names will be forever associated with the Metropolitan Church and linked with the history of Methodism in this city and land. All nations honor their great men, if not while living, certainly when death comes, and when the Christian dead pass from us, we should record our gratitude for their worth. The human forces of the church of God are its living men of zeal and wisdom, force and piety, while its treasures are the blessed and holy memories of those who have been removed to the church triumphant in Heaven. We record these names, not only as a memorial, but as an inspiration, that others may emulate their fidelity and follow their example. As autumn leaves falling upon the ground enrich the earth beneath, so these church members who have fallen leave a golden heritage to those who come after them. How touching it is to record the names of many who were pillars and ornaments of the church, and how beautiful is the perspective which death gives! Every admirer of natural landscape is aware of the softening power of distance. Browning, the poet, speaks of a very common thing—a windmill. Near it, what a roar and tear it makes; how it grinds and bruises; but—

> Seen at a distance; radiating
> Its delicate white arms against the sky.
> So soft and soundless, it is simply beautiful.

Thus it is with the character of our vanished friends. Mingling with them in the varied intercourses of life, we are aware of their inconsistencies and defects, their inequalities of temper, their asperities of manner; but viewed in the retrospect, the rough is so softened, the hard so mellowed, that the failures and imperfections are forgotten, and that which is immortal alone survives.

I begin with a record of the pastors who have fallen. It is remarkable that for one-third of the period of the church's history this pulpit has been occupied by our beloved bishop, and of those who occupied the remaining time one-half are dead.

Rev. Thomas M. Eddy is embalmed in the imperishable remembrance of all who knew him. He was a bright and shining light of the church,

and when called suddenly from his untiring labors here to the higher service of the church above, as he was breathing his last, he exclaimed, "Sing and pray; eternity dawns!" We have been linked to him through his own mother, who spent the closing days of her beautiful old age in this city with her daughter, Mrs. Somers, of Mt. Vernon Seminary. I had the privilege of visiting her, and though her sufferings were intense, no murmur escaped her lips. On one occasion I sang, "I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee;" with uplifted hands, she said, "That is my experience." She was 94 years of age, and just before entering the sleep of death she waved her hands in triumph and a look of rapture unutterable came into her face. Rev. Otis H. Tiffany was a man of marvelous natural gifts, highly cultivated. His sermons were characterized by deep thought, practical wisdom, charming variety, graphic power, and great earnestness. He was a kingly man, and the tidings of his death in Minneapolis fell with a sense of personal bereavement in ten thousand homes and hearts. Rev. Robert Baer was so consistent, so exemplary, so humble, so gentle and kind, that he was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy. The church bears testimony to the excellence of his character as a man and to his Christian affection as a minister.

Coming now to the first trustee board (there are only two members of the original number now living, the Hon. Matthew G. Emery and Brother Samuel Fowler—and long may they be spared to us), first is the name of the greatest hero in modern military annals, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. His removal from the heart of the nation was like the disappearance of a great island from the midst of the sea. His life, embodying all that was noble in patriotism and lovely in virtue, reached its culminating glory, not on the field of Appomattox or in the White House as the ruler of a reunited nation, but when feeling the cold hands of death clutching at his throat, he sat down and wrote the story of his life that those whom he loved might be left in comfort; and then amid the waving pines of Mt. McGregor breathed out his life into his Maker's hands. Samuel Norment was one of the charter members of the church and a trustee, who gave at least $10,000 to the building fund. Francis A. Lutz was one whom everybody loved, generous, and deeply interested in every department of church work. His aged widow lingers with us in feeble health, and his children's children are a benediction to the church. David A. Burr was one of the most active of spirits, bright, vigorous, and aggressive. He was our first Sunday-school superintendent. His removal to New York was a great loss to the church. He also has been promoted to the glories of the skies. Dr. Flodoardo Howard was another beautiful, sympathetic, Christ-like soul (for forty years the family physician of some of you), who seemed to belong to the whole community just as we feel that the light of the sun and the beauty and fragrance of the flowers are ours. His wife, also a sincere Christian, and a devoted son have been removed from us by death. And what shall we say of the secretary of the board, Thomas Logan Tullock, so long the ornament and pride of our officiary? In all the various public positions in which his eminent ability placed him he was most efficient and faithful. A Christian great-heart, he was devoted to his friends and unswerving in his religious convictions. He was a fine student, with cultivated tastes, and loved the service of the Lord. When at Atlantic City his hour of death drew near. Though a surprise to his friends, it was no surprise to himself, and he said to his wife that he had not left preparations for the other world to so late an hour There is one other name belonging to the first board of trustees—the illustrious name of Chief Justice Chase. The service which he rendered to his country in the chief counsels of the nation will be remembered for generations to come. He was the first member of the Cabinet (as Secretary of the Treasury) to give employment to women in the Civil Service. His integrity was as unsullied as the ermine which he

wore. At a communion not long before his untimely death, after all the others had partaken, a solitary man came from his seat and, kneeling humbly as though most unworthy, received from the hands of his pastor, Dr. Newman, the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of his Redeemer. Those were brilliant days of the church when the first officers of the nation—the patriotic President, the incorruptible Grant; Vice-President Colfax, without blemish in public or private life; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the beloved Gen. Logan, always to the front—were among its constant worshipers.

Coming now to the membership, I shall be forgiven if I omit names that have not been recorded on the church roll and pass over many with only the mention, dwelling briefly on the more conspicuous personalities. Following the alphabetical list, the first to be named is Dr. Charles Adams. He was an eminent New England minister and professor of Hebrew and Greek in the college at Concord. Retiring from active work, he came to this city in 1872, and from that time until his death was closely allied with the church. Like Enoch he walked with God, and like him the angel of the Lord carried his beloved suddenly away. He was seated at the table about to eat an orange, when without a moment's warning his spirit fled. "God's finger touched him, and he slept." He belonged to the kingly builders of this nation. His body rests side by side in New England with his father, grandfather, and great grandfather—four generations. His beloved wife, who died not long ago in Chicago, was also of symmetrical Christian character. W. C. Atkinson was another good man, who went to Heaven in 1888. His widow, beloved by us all, was taken from us less than a year ago, and her passing was but the "rustling of angels' wings" coming to carry her emancipated spirit to the home of the happy and free. John Adams.

W. H. Barnes, the son-in-law of Dr. Adams, was an educated and graceful writer. Margaret Boyd. Mrs. Georgiana Bird was an excellent Christian woman. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton were quiet and retiring members of the church. Mr. Bolton had been wounded in the Army by a bullet that passed through his lungs. He was delicate in health, and this summer, after a brief illness, he entered into rest. C. C. Burr was one whose zeal in the cause of Christ was great. He had been a minister in his early days, and, coming to the capital, he maintained a consistent walk, expressing in his life every Christian quality and embodying in his cultured mind and heart every Christian grace. Capt. S. S. Blackford was a soldier, who lost his arm in the service of his country. He was fond of flowers and all beautiful things. This true patriot and true Christian was suddenly removed and went from the streets of our city to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. And who can measure the influence of that excellent class leader, Seth S. Bryant? A hundred young men will tell you of the warm grasp of his hand and the kindliness of his welcome. He too was translated, that he should not see death; for while calling at the home of Mr. Tasker, as he was repeating one of Isaac Watts's glorious hymns, "he was not, for God took him." Mrs. Louis Bagger, the wife of our consul for Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, was also called suddenly home.

Benjamin F. Cutter, the father of our gifted and consecrated Mrs. Roach, was a constant and regular worshiper here. Dr. E. L. Corbin was a faithful officer in his country's service and faithful in the church. Samuel Cram. Henry Cross. Bellie Crist. Delbert M. Covey. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cohen. Mrs. E. Carter. Dr. Samuel Crew. Mrs. T. E. Clark, an estimable lady. Col. D. C. Cox, a trustee of the church, whose brilliant parts became a snare to him. Gov. Alexander and Mrs. Cummings, who entertained in Philadelphia with boundless hospitality, have left to their two daughters a heritage richer than the wealth of earth—the heritage of a good name. Mrs. Eliza Crawford, mother of Mrs. Cheno

weth and sister of the wife of the grandly gifted Dr. Durbin. Rev. G. W. Chenoweth, dignified and accomplished, with a strong religious nature sweetened by elegant manners and sparkling with brilliant gifts. Father Chase was blind, but his eyes were opened to the glories of the unseen. He seemed to be living in Beulah Land, enjoying the aroma of celestial flowers and breathing the atmosphere of the Divine Presence. Now he beholds the King in His beauty. When Mrs. Judge Clark was taken from us, a great and good woman fell in Israel. Her every breath seemed a heavenly aspiration. She found a Sabbath in every day, a sanctuary in every meal, a Bethel in every place. At the last meeting she ever attended she gave a Bible reading on her favorite chapter, the 11th of St. John, and with illumined face and inspired words she burned into the hearts of her fellow-workers the thought that there is no death ; it is abolished by the Conqueror of Death, who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Her husband, her children, her grandchildren, the whole church rise up "to praise her in the gates." Benjamin and Mrs. Charlton. Mrs. Charlton was an elect lady, full of grace and truth. She went from the Washington Grove camp meeting to the hills of frankincense and mountains of myrrh. And how shall I speak of my beloved friend, whose recent death has made our hearts desolate ? His face was a benediction ; he was a Christian whose testimony was his life. He was God-like in his giving, for he gave freely and upbraided not. You can not find a person in this city, not even a child, who presented a needy cause that was ever turned away unaided. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Israel Dishl was an enthusiastic evangelist, who died shouting "Glory." Mary Drum ceased to breathe in May, 1883. John DeFord was an active worker, who took an abiding interest in young men. Mrs. L. E. Deane was a gifted writer, deeply spiritual, tenderly attached to the church, and was wont to say that she loved every brick in it. Mrs. Eliza B. Duvall has but recently passed from us. Early left a widow, she raised her four sons and two daughters to be as polished stones in the temple of the Lord. Her death was a translation. Its sudden coming was only the Father's footfall to escort His weary child home in the twilight of a long beautiful, busy day. We congratulate the children and grandchildren on having had such a mother—a mother who was one of the highest products of modern Methodism.

Mrs. Kate Eastlack, active in Christian and temperance work, passed away in 1879. Samuel Emery, the brother of Matthew G. Emery, was a liberal supporter of the church, thoroughly reliable, dowered with the strength of the New England hills, upright and downright. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Mrs. Gen. Eaton, graceful and devout in her old age as she was beautiful in her youth, when, under Gen. Jackson's administration, she set society agog by her marriage with the Secretary of War, died in 1879. Samuel R. Evans and Rev. W. V. Evans, full of zeal and divine fire, fervent in spirit, and mighty in prayer.

Mrs. A. O. Fullerton has left behind her a beautiful memory. Her husband died only recently while running as a candidate for the House of Representatives.

A. E. Gould. Dr. J. J. Given. Mrs. Amelie M. Green. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Gobright. Mr. Gobright was long at the head of the Associated Press, using his pen to advance the interests of our Zion. Thomas K. Gray, an efficient and beloved class leader, for forty years a Sunday-school superintendent, loyal to all the traditions of Methodism, and his estimable wife—the father and mother of our alto singer.

Mrs. S. L. Hall was the sister of Mr. William Jackson, active in all our church enterprises, warm-hearted, and liberal. Mrs. Katherine E. Hurst, whose works still follow her; beloved wherever she was known throughout the church. Edward B. Holt. S. R. Howard. John F. Havener.

The Havenner name is a household word. Many of the members of the family have gone to the "saints' secure abode." Thomas, the father, was one of the best and purest of men. Thomas H., the son of like spirit, and T. Harvey Havenner, educated for the ministry, but called early to the skies. John Hall, the Arctic explorer, who died amid the hardships and privations of the frozen seas, was a devout worshiper in our sanctuary. Mrs. Phillissa Harrover was an elegant lady, of fine presence, refined manners, and a gifted nature which grace had sanctified. Her husband was a substantial friend of the church, transparent as plate glass, with nothing counterfeit about him, a sincerity that looked out of his noble face and was impressed upon his every act. I visited him during his last illness. He was humble as a child, and placed all his hopes of salvation upon his Redeemer and Lord.

Miss Lizzie Jackson and Mary E. Jackson were sisters. They were devoted to the church, and were among the finest types of Christian womanhood. Miss Lizzie Jackson contributed $4,000 towards the final extinguishment of the debt on this sanctuary.

Rev. Charles King and Michael Keating were held in high esteem as good and faithful servants of the Master. Rev. Samuel Kramer was a local elder, chaplain of the Navy, and was called the "sailor preacher." He was a beautiful spirit and loyal to the church. Mrs. Nancy Knight, Annie Kingsbury, and Mr. and Mrs. James Keene were faithful to their trust.

Thomas H. Lazenby passed away in 1883. Charles H. Lane was a trustee, and for a time had charge of the Strangers' Class, now led by Brother Tallmadge. He was affable, genial, a sweet singer, and gifted in prayer. For forty years he was known and loved among the Christian people of this city. Mrs. Nellie H. Lutz was a devoted wife and mother, an ornament to society, the joy of the church, and the light of the home. She has been removed from the earth to that circle of glory of which the Lord God and the Lamb are the eternal center. And now we reach another illustrious name, the idol of the nation, the incomparable soldier, the greatest volunteer general of the republic, the foremost statesman of the mighty west, the incorruptible and honorable senator, the unselfish, high-spirited, chivalrous, and magnanimous John Alexander Logan. When his early home was broken up and he started out in life, all that he asked for and all that he received was the old family Bible. How he prized that book and read the Word with daily care! The last time he was in this, his church home, he knelt humbly at the communion to receive the emblems of the Saviour's love, and on the Sabbath of December 26, 1886, while his pastor, our beloved bishop, was lifting up his voice in prayer at his bedside, he was summoned into the presence of the King and entered upon the service of the eternal Sabbath of the skies.

Samuel B. May, J. H. Mandeville, J. C. McKelden, Col. A. B. Meacham, D. B. Mack, and Annie B. Milans are gone from us. H. D. McConnell was an exhorter and zealous Sunday-school teacher. Robert Moore was so blameless in life that a gentleman closely associated with him for sixteen years in the War Department says that he never heard from him an unkind or impure word. Robert and Mrs. Moore both died in the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lacey. They introduced Methodism into the Mohawk Valley. He was a saintly spirit, and so devoted to the Master that when his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Sites, a young bride, was leaving for her missionary field, he said, "I'd rather my child would go a missionary to China than as a wife of the minister plenipotentiary to any kingdom on earth." He escaped to the mountain of God in 1884. His aged companion survived him ten years, a woman of fine mind, with literary tastes, and versed in church history and biography. She often surprised me with her historical references, her philosophic observations, and the recital of exquisite poems. She died last January at the age of 85, and her body sleeps beside her husband in Ohio, near the church

in which a beautiful memorial window perpetuates the memory of these two honored lives and stimulates the younger generation to like fidelity to the church of Christ.

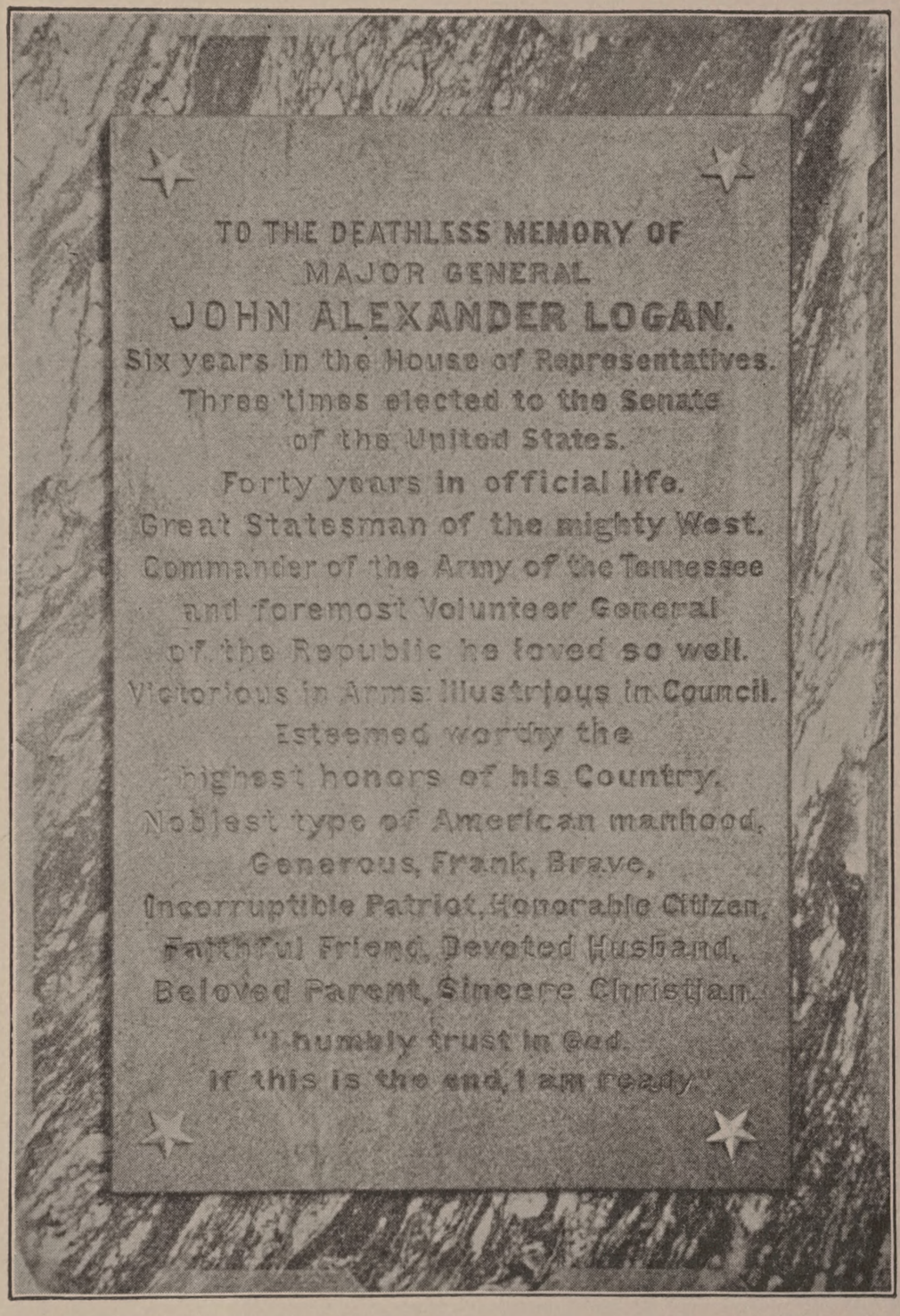
Mrs. Laura A. Naylor was the wife of Dr. Naylor; a faithful helpmeet, removed to the heavenly ranks during her husband's pastorate here. Mr. and Mrs. James Nicholson, the former possessing the genius of a poet. He wrote some of our standard hymns, among them, "Wash Me and I shall be Whiter than Snow."

J. C. Parcel. Dr. Mary A. Pomeroy. Thomas J. S. Perry was a splendid man, whose regnant qualities of mind and heart were always at the service of the church. He would never take office, but was always ready for work. He had been to the service of the sanctuary on the day that he was called to "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Thomas Parsell was one of our quiet, generous, unobtrusive Christians, a typical Methodist of the old and best school. The cordial hospitality and Christian spirit of his home gave rest and comfort to many weary ministers, and he was the succorer of many. God bless his aged widow on her pilgrimage way.

Mrs. Dolly A. Ruff was a devout believer, who passed away in 1884. Her husband, John A. Ruff, was our second Sunday-school superintendent. He was a gifted man, always heard with pleasure in the prayer meeting. As he prospered in business, the more his soul prospered and the more he gave. He seemed to hold communion with the invisible, and he saw the heavenly forms and angel faces of the departed and heard their well-known voices chanting high praises before the throne.

Christiana Seiler and Nellie Sheidy were two Sunday-school scholars who died happy Christian deaths. David Sinsabaugh was a Sunday-school teacher, and died in the faith; and Louis W. Sinsabaugh, his brother, passed suddenly from us as the result of a delicate and difficult operation. Waddington Summers was also taken away unexpectedly by hemorrhage of the lungs. Mrs. Sallie Smith, a sweet singer and a member of the early choir. Judge W. B. Snell was a gentleman of great ability, quiet, dignified, and deeply spiritual. John W. Shiles, another honored member, was kindly in charity and of piety towards God. His son is taking up his work and following in his father's steps. Senator Leland Stanford possessed sterling qualities of mind and heart, purity of life, and faith in God. He was a genuine philanthropist, and loved his fellows and his God. In my last interview with him, when he spoke of his failing health, I ventured to inquire as to his soul's health, and his answer was, "I have peace with God, and have come to look upon it as the supreme moment of existence when the soul is called into the presence of its Maker." Suddenly the rapture came, and his soul was kissed away to the beatific vision.

Clara Thompson. Mrs. Cecil Trembly, an earnest Christian worker, whose husband was the correspondent of the New York Times. Miss Belle Twombly was a lovely girl, the assistant teacher in the infant-class department, who ripened quickly into celestial beauty. No church ever mourned the loss of a child-saint, scarcely out of her teens, as did this church over Miss Twombly. Her beaming face, her soul-lit eyes, her radiant manner, her whole being, instinct with the divine, touched all the higher chords within, and no one can compute the value or measure the influence of that young life now dwelling in heights where the seraphim soar. John C. Tasker is another whose works fill the church with fragrance as did the costly spikenard of Mary in the house at Bethany. He held the offices of steward, class leader, trustee, and treasurer, and was competent, conscientious, and faithful in all. His will was iron, his purpose was rooted like the oak, while his heart had a mother's tenderness. There was a beautiful balance of opposite qualities, a combination of the inflexible and the tender, yet all the sterner elements of his nature were mellowed by the atmosphere of the cross. He has left behind him a



MURAL TABLET IN METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

large number of earnest, consistent, Bible-loving members, trained in his class, and his companion and son are standard-bearers in the sanctuary of his love.

Jenett Van Dasen was a true disciple. Etta Van Tassell was a Sunday-school girl who fell asleep in Jesus. Egbert Vandyke was a German convert.

Mrs. Mary Wilkinson, in great sacrifice and self-denying efforts, laid the foundation of the Young Woman's Home. Mrs. W. E. Wright was an active Sunday-school teacher. William and Cornelia Warder, Susie M. Weeks, W. M. Wheelock, J. F. Wollard, and Ida Wollard have a record that is on high. Julia Williams, one of the sweetest lambs of the flock, passed away in young womanhood. John Q. Wilson was a sterling man, and has left to his widow and children, who are members of this church, a spotless and untarnished name. Mrs. Julia Wilson, mother of Sister Louise Wilson, died beautifully. She had a vision of angels and went sweeping through the gates, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Harry Walford, one of our finest Sunday-school boys, gave promise of great usefulness and of a zeal that would sacrifice everything upon the altar of the church; a devoted son, a loving brother, and a faithful church member. He passed suddenly from earthly joys to—

> That river in the skies,
> Whose banks are with immortal verdure clad,
> Whose streams make all Jehovah's City glad.

Of Annie Zoder is the record: Went to Heaven in 1877.

These are but a few of the company to whom the heavens have opened over this national church through the last quarter of a century. They have gone to the general assembly of the church of the first born, which is written in Heaven. It is with us as at the soldiers' cemetery out yonder on the wooded heights of the Potomac. We read the names of thousands of fallen soldiers on the head-stones, but there is a great monument to the unknown heroes who died for their country. Their names were not recorded, but they were not forgotten. So, belonging to this church are many departed worthies whose names we have not been able to record. But they are written in Heaven, and are among the great cloud of the glorified. Death is a wonderful camera obscura. It projects the images of the departed in colors tender and beautiful like a golden atmosphere mellowed and enriched by the light of the setting sun. And how precious is the memory of the just and the good. They leave behind them a train of light and blessedness.

> Were a star quenched on high,
> For ages would its light,
> Still traveling downward from the sky,
> Shine on our mortal sight.
> So when a good man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves beyond him lies
> Upon the paths of men.

How this church has been bereaved! What standard-bearers have fallen! As we think of them, we are ready to take up Elisha's cry, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." There is so much to be done and the workers are so few. But the church must still have the highest place in our affections. It must still go on, starting waves of influence that shall roll over the whole land. When President Lincoln was assassinated, it was Garfield who gave utterance to the sentiment, "The President is dead, but, thank God, the Government at Washington still lives." So, though many workers have fallen, thank God, the Metropolitan Church still lives. The church is permanent in its organization and wasting continually is yet continually renewed. The burdens and responsibilities which others bore so nobly and discharged with such fidelity have fallen upon our shoulders. Lord God of the

fathers, send down a double portion of Thy spirit upon us. Let us, robing ourselves in the garments of the holy departed, follow them as they followed Christ and nobly witness for the Master. The very memories of this sanctuary are as joy bells. This church has been prolific of saint supply for Heaven. Let us be faithful, that we may meet these faithful workers who have safely crossed the bar.

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Master beneath,
And shouting each other they greet.
And triumph o'er danger and death.

Mrs. John P. Newman said:

What diversities appear in individual life, as illustrated by calling the memorial roll on the twenty-fifth anniversary of this church. Some human existences encircle breadth and length, heights and depths, while other lives have only epochs in their history. Every Christian individuality must transmit some perfume, when the alabaster box is broken, that will emit its sweetness to render other characters more Christ like. There is a fragrance in the memory of the one I am to remind you of this evening, who worshiped with you in this temple for a brief period, whose name is enrolled on your record, but is now transcribed in the Lamb's Book of Life. Mrs. Katherine Lamont Hurst was suddenly translated from the church militant to the church triumphant, "to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," while yet the sun-dial of her earth life was in its midday splendor. The Heavenly Father, too wise to err and too good to be unkind, must have known her life work was complete and claimed her in all the beauty of her womanhood to higher service. She was with me in college in the sunny days of youth, only a few years my junior. I seem to see her now through the vista of years, as beautiful as an angel—her classic features a model for an artist, a profusion of dark hair hanging in rippling curls over her graceful shoulders, her eyes radiant with love almost divine, her complexion transparently white, with a pale tint of pink which seldom came to the surface except in the exuberance of joy or special delight. Mature womanhood developed rare accomplishments and refined dignity. She was a natural linguist and translated fluently the German, writing several sets of histories of royal personages while Dr. Hurst (now bishop) was president of the theological school at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Her lot fell on the same lines as my own—the wife of an itinerant. Thus, when we met, we always exchanged notes. Gracefully, yet somewhat timidly, she adorned every avenue in which she was placed, as a devoted, consistant Christian. Only a little while before she came to reside in Washington, she visited me in our parsonage home, only a few steps from this church, as she said, to talk over our school days, and in particular to remind me of the happiest event in her life, when I led her to the altar in a season of revival at the college, where she found Christ as her Saviour. It came to me like new revelation, as we clasped hands in a renewed consecration. It was an inspiration to a higher, better life. It will follow me until we meet at the throne of God to cast our crowns at Jesus' feet, amid the innumerable company of angels and the first-born in Heaven. Her attendance at this church must have been a benediction.

It was a privilege far beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of Heaven, to be with Mrs. Benjamin Charlton as her redeemed spirit passed through the golden gateway into the Celestial City. Surely it was not death; it was translation. She was sitting calmly beneath a white tent amid the native forest trees at Washington Grove camp meeting, whither she had come to worship with the people of God, when the angels whispered, "The Master has come and calleth for thee." She had walked the earth in white, ready to depart at a moment's call, expecting the heart would suddenly cease to pulsate, and to cease at once to work

and live with Christ was not a surprise. She has since stood on the heavenly threshold as a bride adorned for her grand and noble husband. Only a few months ago, when their first pastor in this dear church was far over the sea, there came a cablegram that the golden gates had opened wide their bars of light and our beloved and honored Benjamin Charlton had joined the bride of his youth. This evening, while we are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary, they, hand in hand, are walking the streets of the New Jerusalem. And who can tell if they may not be looking over the battlements of glory and waving their palms of victory to us "over there, over there." It is emphatically true of him that he was a pillar in this church and a tower of strength, and of both "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Oh, what a company from this dear church shall by and by "gather at the river, the beautiful river," and see, with the immortal Tennyson, "our Pilot face to face when we have crossed the bar!"

I consider it both an honor and a privilege to recall a name whose memory is so fragrant as that of our dear friend Elizabeth Jackson, known lovingly by myself as dear "Aunt Lizzie" (as we all called her familiarly). She lived until within the fourth year of the tenth decade of a century—ninety-four illustrious years, which rounded out into complete symmetrical cycles full of good works and alms deeds, which were bestowed with an open hand. Scores and hundreds must for years to come continue to rise up and call her blessed, having her name in grateful remembrance. This truly wonderful woman from childhood until fair maidenhood maintained an unblemished character. Her graces increased in genuine sterling worth into fully developed womanhood. She was always loved and admired by a large circle of relatives and a host of friends in and out of the church, who delighted to pay homage to her as if she were a queen. Indeed, she was every whit a queenly woman, and did we canonize in our church, we would certainly call her St. Elizabeth, of the Metropolitan M. E. Church. In early life she gave her heartfelt affections to Christ, whom she loved and served with devout fervor and holy zeal all the days of a long life. She often spoke laughingly of her many *lovers*, but, firm in a choice all her own, remained unmarried. She was truly wedded to the hallowed interests of the church she loved so much, and particularly to "the dear Metropolitan," as she always called this church. Hers was among the first names enrolled on its records. Always young, never seeming to have a thought of growing old even at the age of over 90 years, she evinced great vivacity, which overflowed in love and affection until it blended in an eternal springtime. Oh, I am very happy, dear friends, who are here this evening in this church, in the thought that ere long I shall clasp glad hands with dear "Aunt Lizzie" and the goodly company gone before on the "ever-shining shore."

Miss Mary Ellen Jackson, niece of Miss Elizabeth Jackson, who was with her aunt until she passed into the life immortal, we thought would take her place in the family and in the church. Alas for us and her beloved brother, Wm. Jackson (who still lives a faithful helper in this church), dear Mary Ellen did not long survive "Aunt Lizzie," to whom she was so fondly united on earth. But now they are in holier fellowship "in Heaven above, where all is love."

Allow me to add a brief tribute to the King's Daughters. It was my privilege to organize in this church a complete circle of one hundred, or ten "tens." The half of this circle was from what our dear Miss Cornelia called "her jewels"—those who were or had been in her department. Many of them are now joining in the angelic choir with the little ones here, "When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels." Miss Elizabeth Jackson was one of the last ten in the circle numbering from ninety to one hundred. My own dear mother, Mary Ensign, was the uniting link in the circle, as she would have been 100 years old had she been in

earth life. Mrs. Crawford, the blessed mother of our dear Mrs. Chenaweth, who attained the great age of 96 years, was one of this aged ten. The other eight (would that I had time to mention their names) now behold the King in His beauty.

Mrs. John A. Logan said:

It is with much diffidence that I comply with our pastor's request to say something on this occasion. To do so, I find I must draw upon hallowed memories. More than a quarter of a century ago I had the pleasure of listening to the exercises on the memorable occasion of the dedication of this temple. Bishop Simpson's sermon is never to be forgotten, the sublimity of which rests like a halo over his memory. There have been few audiences of men of greater minds or more potent influences than once assembled here. But, alas! with the receding years, how many of them have been borne to that land from which none have ever returned, His Eminence Bishop Simpson among the number.

Beneath this vaulted roof have been gathered votaries from every quarter of the globe, as well as from every State and Territory of the Union. The assembly under the dome of our proud capitol is not more cosmopolitan than the congregations who have worshiped in this church; and what a blessing it has been, in that it has made a home for sojourners within the gates of the city. The name Metropolitan was fitly bestowed, because, while not the oldest, it has been the mother church for Methodists under the new era for Methodism at the nation's capital.

In his mighty sermon Bishop Simpson prophesied wiser than he knew of the future of Metropolitan Church and the city of Washington. He was called to a higher church and a greater city, but we who have lingered on have witnessed the fulfillment of his prophecy. No work watered by his tears and upheld by his prayers and those of the disciples who have followed him, who have been sustained by the Omnipotent Hand, could fail.

After the dedication the church was consigned to the keeping of Dr. J. P. Newman, in the selection of whom there was a direct intervention of Divine Providence. His inspiration, spiritual power, eloquence, far-reaching research, masterly ability, robust physical strength, keen insight, scholarly manner, patriotic loyalty to God and country brought to this sanctuary multitudes, till there was not room to contain them. Chancel, gallery, pew, and aisle were packed at every morning service, lecture, prayer and praise meeting. Every service was thronged, and for years it seemed that the planting in this vineyard was the beginning of the millennium. In the dual capacity of chaplain of the Senate and pastor of the Metropolitan Church, he satisfied each body by ministering to the spiritual needs of each without any attempt to unite church and State, his creed being antagonistic to such a union.

Heroes, statesmen, celebrities of every nation, men and women of distinction waited upon every sermon and dwelt upon it when it was over. Communicants and noncommunicants were glad to hear the Word as Dr. Newman preached it. Believers in every dogma listened with delight to his exponency of the law and the gospel. To name the throng would require much more time than I would dare to consume, but a few of them were such central figures in the world's galaxy of great men and women that I can not refrain from naming them.

Conspicuous among them was that majestic man who sat so long on the left of the east aisle near the front pew, and whose bowed head in the hour of prayer would scarcely suggest to the stranger the masterful Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Salmon P. Chase. How well I remember the holy communion Sabbath, when, after the last communicant had arisen from

the altar and gone forth, and Dr. Newman repeated the invitation to any others who might desire to come forward, Chief Justice Chase arose and all alone went forward and knelt down to receive the blessed sacrament. Soon after his place was made vacant, and if you ask whither he went, we think we can say his soul has gone to realms above. His body lies in the quiet cemetery of his much loved city, Columbus, Ohio, where a grateful people will no doubt erect a monument that could scarcely record the good deeds he did.

A few of us recall another, who, when Chief Magistrate of the nation, would come regularly with his family and sit in the pew that is still dedicated to the President of the United States. The sphinx-like face he bore for the world wore another expression when he worshiped at the throne of Him who had guided his footsteps through all the labyrinths of war's mysterious ways. When the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," began, U. S. Grant would slip out at the pastor's door and down the side stairs to the right of the altar, and depart to avoid the eyes of the curious, who sometimes forget there is a time and place for all things. August senators, representatives, officials of high and low degree have knelt at this altar and pledged themselves anew to the service of Him who hath redeemed us.

Another; and he was among the first to go to his reward, Hon. T. L. Tullock, that devout Christian, patriotic citizen, exemplary official, helpful friend, affectionate father and husband. How much of his busy life he devoted to the upbuilding of this church future generations can never know, but we, who watched him in the trying years of the church's struggles, revere his memory and bless his name.

How shall I speak of still another who came and went an humble, sincere worshiper at this shrine? Communion Sunday, December 5, 1886, we knelt together at the railing and partook of the last sacrament. On the 10th he was taken ill; on the 26th, with the sound of Dr. Newman's voice petitioning the Heavenly Father for the repose of his soul ringing in his ears, his righteous spirit took its flight, and I know that he is now a partaker of the joys of eternal life in Heaven above. The tablet on your walls will testify to the presence of Gen. John A. Logan in this church long after the last of us have passed away.

With the expiration of Bishop Newman's itinerary and the short stay of Rev. Dr. Eddy on account of his election as missionary secretary and the untimely death of many of the most prominent attendants, we experienced for a few years much apathy in the church. But the return of Dr. Newman to the charge, twice repeated, revived the latent energies and interest of the membership, and has brought us to our twenty-fifth anniversary in the enjoyment of prosperity and goodly numbers. Of those who still remain of the phalanx, who have braved every danger threatening the church, and who have never been found wanting, delicacy forbids me to speak.

The present pastor has reason to rely upon the efforts and devotion of this loyal congregation, who hold him in high esteem and tender regard. His righteousness, ability, and enthusiasm in his Master's work have awakened much of the old-time activity in the congregation, and he will doubtless have many souls for his hire.

The spectral legions who beckon us on include the mightiest and the humblest, the wisest and the best, and may we be permitted to join that throng when we are done with time and things.

The remarks of Mrs. T. L. Tullock, in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Metropolitan Church, were as follows:

This association has for its object the advancement of the cause of Christ by promoting Christian fellowship, in securing a better acquaintance among the members of the church, and in rendering financial aid

whenever needed, so far as is in its power. It has also in its charge the care and furnishing of the parsonage. Its best efforts have been put forth to render the pastor's family comfortable and their home attractive.

The work began with the first pastorate of Dr. Newman. The ladies came together, as Mrs. Newman expressed a wish to have them. She was a most indefatigable worker, and inspired her associates with her zealous spirit. We were most successful in raising money for assisting in paying the expenses of the church and Sunday-school, as well as the dreaded interest on the church debt. The social interests of the church have also been promoted.

We have always been a working society, and many times we have been wearied almost beyond endurance. I recall one occasion in 1876, when the Baltimore Conference held its session in this church, Bishop Bowman presiding. A reception was given to the bishop, the conference, and friends. We had a large attendance. In those days we were lavish with our refreshments, and it was late when the guests left. Then we were told, with the sublime confidence of man, that the bishop would want the little class room (which he used for his office) at the usual hour in the morning, and that the conference would expect to resume its session at the regular hour. I did not sleep much that night. Early the next morning I hurried to the church, wondering if I could obtain entrance. I found Mrs. Newman had been there, before daylight I believe, washing dishes, assorting spoons, forks, knives, and china, until there was a hope at least that we would have the church in readiness for our brethren—and we did.

We were made an organized society by Dr. Eddy, his wife serving a short time as president. Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Baer, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Tasker, and Mrs. LaFetra have served as president, all doing excellent work. The wheels of time have rolled around, and I am again serving.

We have placed to the various uses of the church several thousand dollars. Our roll in the church triumphant is a large and honored one. We are encouraged by the fact that our young people are showing a willingness to share in our efforts, and I desire to thank Bishop Newman for his words of advice and encouragement to the young this afternoon.

My committee has assisted in visiting the poor, the sick, and in seeking out those who come to us strangers. We are working for the Master, and seek His favor in all that we do.

Mrs. J. C. Tasker said :

I come here to-night, bringing only a little testimony for the Master, who has done so much for me since I became a member of this church. I was not present on that Easter morning when the organization took place, but, my husband being here, he came home and informed me that he had presented our names to become members of the new Metropolitan Church. I felt a little sorry at first, for I had learned to love "Wesley" as my church home ; but it was all right, and the week following we came together to attend the first prayer meeting. It was held in the church parlors. The room was filled with our people, and some of the testimonies given are very fresh in my mind to-night. There seemed to be a burden of soul desire to become better men and women in the service of Christ, and of the need of a new consecration in commencing the work of the Lord here. Then the classes were formed. The one assigned to meet in the little southwest class room became particularly dear to me. Perhaps it was because it was placed under the leadership of one I loved—one whom I knew to be a man of God, whose supreme desire was to be a faithful servant of Christ and of His church. For many years he was found every Monday night in that little room, trying to help in their Christian life all

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Bishop John F. Hurst.

who met with him. A little while before he left us for the blessed home we were talking about these meetings, and he estimated that he had attended over seven hundred in this church.

Nineteen years ago, soon after Dr. Newman returned to us in his second pastorate, there came upon us a precious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our dear people gathered around this altar and rededicated themselves to God. Many entered into new and blessed experiences of divine grace. I well remember, while kneeling here, what a wonderful baptism came upon my own soul. The unction abideth it, and in the strength of that baptism I give my little testimony here to-night. That same strength has carried me through all these years and upheld me in times of sickness and sorrow, and I have the blessed assurance that it will carry me on until the Master says, "It is enough; come up higher."

Soon after this revival our ladies' class was organized, and Mrs. Newman was appointed leader. She served faithfully during her husband's pastorate, and was a great help to us in our spiritual life. Our beloved Mrs. Fullerton, of precious memory, was another of its leaders. Since she passed away, the Lord has kept the class together. It has never been suspended, except for a few weeks during the intense heat of summer. Our numbers have not been large, yet there has never been a meeting when we have failed to realize the presence of the Divine One or to receive His blessing. To God be all the glory.

At the close of this address the bishop requested Mrs. Tasker, who had for many years belonged to the choir, to sing "Blessed Assurance," the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

Mrs. Sarah D. LaFetra, representing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, said:

There has been connected with this church since its organization twenty-five years ago an active, earnest, and consecrated Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I have prepared no formal report nor exact statistics, nor will I detain you to give the names of the various presidents and officers who have faithfully served this society, but this I know, that thousands of dollars have been raised and sent by loving hands and prayerful hearts to foreign fields. Four consecrated women, whose names have been read by our pastor, have gone out from our ranks to teach and preach the gospel. The last one to leave us was our own dear Ruth Marie Sites. There have been many honored names on our rolls, prominent among which is the family of the devoted Rev. Dr. Sites, of Foo Chow, China, and their presence among us is always an inspiration and a blessing. We believe this anniversary will awaken new interest and create new life among us. We appeal to all in this audience who are not already members to unite with us in this good work. We ask 2 cents a week and a prayer for the salvation of the world through the Woman's Foreign and other kindred missionary societies.

Mrs. W. G. McDowell, president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the church, said:

As the representative of the youngest of the woman's societies of the church, I have but little of interest to bring you to-night.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society has been in existence but five of the twenty-five years since the organization of this church. During that time we have received by voluntary contributions nearly $1,700, which has been disbursed in the interest of home missions. Our work is largely among the very poor of our city. Through the generosity of our church and congregation we have distributed a large quantity of clothing, food, and fuel, and have thus gained an entrance to the homes

and the opportunity to speak words of comfort to many needy ones and to point them to the Christ in whose name we are trying to help them.

We support a deaconess at a cost of $250 annually, who devotes her entire time to visiting from house and house and caring for the sick and destitute. We have sent supplies of clothing to a number of our ministers on the frontier and to our mission school at Unalaska, Alaska, and also to the school for poor white girls at Athens, Tenn., which is conducted under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our church.

In view of the pressing calls for help that have come to us and the great need and destitution that prevails in so many localities, we have had it in our hearts to do much more than we have been able to accomplish. We have been glad, however, to give even a cup of cold water in the name of the Master.

Mr. T. W. Tallmadge, leader of the Strangers' Class, spoke as follows:

Every visitor who enters the vestibule of this church is confronted with the notice, "The Strangers' Class meets in the parlor of this church immediately after the Sabbath morning service. All are welcome."

A meeting of this character is peculiar to Metropolitan Church, and was no doubt suggested in view of the fact that so many Methodists throughout the country had contributed towards its erection, many of whom were expected to subsequently visit the capital and worship where they had a right to feel at home. C. C. Burr was the first leader. The next was Charles H. Lane, who held the position for a short time. They were succeeded by Rev. Wm. M. Ferguson, of the Central New York Conference, who has been a member of the quarterly conference of this church since it organization, and who served as leader of the Strangers' Class until my appointment at the commencement of the conference year 1883.

Most of the ministers of the M. E. Church, superannuated or relieved from active work in their various conferences, who have made Washington their residence, connect themselves with the quarterly conference of this church, and have contributed greatly by their attendance in making the Strangers' Class interesting. Among those who attended the class regularly while worshiping here were Rev. Charles Adams, Rev. Samuel Kramer, and Rev. J. E. Parker, all of whom have gone to their reward. Rev. William M. Ferguson, who has been a helpless invalid the past fourteen months, continued to manifest an intense interest in the class even after he ceased to be a leader. Frequently the visitors inquire, with the greatest regard, for these ministerial brethren, of whom they have such pleasant recollections connected with a former visit. Rev. Stephen Brown, of the Genessee Conference, and Rev. Levi H. York, of the Oneida Conference, are still helpers, as they have been for years past.

Our own church members also take great interest in the class, about 60 being enrolled therein, many good singers among them, so that every meeting has a fair representation of the church, all of whom make the visitors welcome. Hence this feature of the church has performed its peculiar work, and has become noted among the Methodists at a distance, who often repeat their visits, always declaring it gives them a homelike feeling. Very often there are visitors from some other denomination, who, in a spirit of religious investigation, attend a class meeting for the first time and embrace the opportunity of observing how our class meetings are conducted. They have always expressed themselves delighted, as well as benefited, by this means of grace.

On one occasion during the summer of 1893, four young Buddhists from India were in attendance. After the brethren and sisters had given their religious experiences, these Hindoos spoke freely of their faith. The queer part of their experience was the assertion that the last six of

the ten commandments were also in their religion, and that every Buddhist strictly obeys them, while it had been their observation that the commandments are frequently violated in this country, the sixth, "Thou shalt not kill," very conspicuously and constantly. They referred to the fact that animals are made to contribute to our support as food. Our destruction of animals impressed the Buddhists very forcibly, because of their faith that the soul transmigrates after death into animals. They declared that a true Buddhist would not kill any living creature except to save life, for they might thus be afflicting the soul of an ancestor or some deceased member of their family. This is probably the first instance in the history of Methodism that the heathen from India were present at a class meeting in the United States. Whether that visit has led to conversions is not known. These young men had taken a collegiate course in India, and were enroute to England for the purpose of completing their education in the Oxford University. No doubt the Holy Spirit will work upon them in connection with the memory of this visit, leading to investigation as to the religion of the Christian and the revelation of the Bible.

The Strangers' Class has contributed its part for the benefit of the church during the past quarter century. Through its instrumentality sinners have been led to repentance; many young men, upon arriving in the city, have found proper companions; new members have been added to the church; it members have become workers in the public services; some have become missionaries at home and abroad. Very many have died in the faith, attesting to the comfort and profit of the soul derived from their attendance, while thousands residing in all parts of the country have expressed their hearty commendation and gratitude that such a class meeting exists and is accessible to the stranger sojourning for a time in the capital of the nation.

Gen. Cyrus Bussey said:

I took a seat in the back part of the church, thinking that, as your program was a long one, I would be overlooked.

I have been intensely interested in the history of this church during the past twenty-five years, as given in the able addresses to which we have listened. While contemplating the intimate relations that have existed between it and Bishop Newman during all these years, my mind has gone back to a time prior to Bishop Newman's service as the pastor and founder of this church, where it was my good fortune to be intimately associated with him as a member of his church and congregation. It is due to that fact that I have been honored with an invitation to say a word on this interesting occasion. It was during the dark days of the Civil War when Dr. Newman was sent by the bishops of the church, with the approval and sanction of the War Department, to New Orleans to reestablish the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South. During the first year of his ministry, thousands, attracted by his eloquent preaching, gathered each Sunday to hear him. Officers of the army and citizens from every State in the Union, attracted to that city during the last years of the war, were in his congregation. The return of peace and the disbandment of the army and the return to the North of those composing the greater part of the congregation made the task of reorganization most difficult. Notwithstanding the clouds which gathered during the dark days of reconstruction, the doctor built a large church and gathered into it there, as he did in this church, a congregation that was greatly attached to him. I very vividly recall how the members of that congregation felt when Bishop Simpson announced that Dr. Newman was to go to Washington to organize the Metropolitan Church. The times were exciting; political revolutions had several times caused bloodshed in the city; there was prejudice against the "northern" church. Almost every member

of the doctor's congregation felt that they wanted to see and talk with him every day. I know that I did not consider the duties of each day fully performed unless I had seen him.

When I knew Dr. Newman in New Orleans, he not only regularly filled the pulpit of his church each Sunday morning and evening and attended to the other church services during the week, but for a considerable time acted as presiding elder over a large number of conferences, holding the quarterly conferences on week days. He was the advisor and instructor of a large number of ministers, whom he was organizing into conferences. He was the editor of a church paper which he established and successfully conducted, and which is now one of our official papers.

Dr. Newman raised the money to purchase the first building for the establishment of the New Orleans University. He and I were members of the first board of trustees. He also established the Orphans' Home on Bayou Tech, now known as La Tech Seminary. This all goes to show that Dr. Newman brought to Metropolitan Church a ripe experience.

The success of this church under his pastorate was assured from the first. During his whole ministerial career he has been a great traveler. His friends everywhere have rejoiced that the church had a representative who could see so much on his travels, and one who had the ability to cause his hearers to see, in his wonderful word painting, what he had seen with his eyes. We have all traveled with him "Around the World," "From Dan to Beersheba," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains to Africa's Sunny Shore," through "Palestine," "Babylon and Ninevah," "California," and "South America," and heard the story of the "Religions of the World."

Wherever Bishop Newman is known Metropolitan Church is known. The church has conferred great honors upon Bishop Newman, but he in turn has conferred honor and abilities of a very high order upon the church. Nine years of his ministry were spent as the pastor of this church. He has been a frequent visitor every year when not the pastor, and has contributed much to the success which has come to this people during all these years. Let us hope that he will long be spared to the church, and that many here to-night will live to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its organization.

Rev. Dr. H. R. Naylor's congratulations:

It is with pleasure that I congratulate the good people of Metropolitan Church upon their twenty-fifth anniversary. Twenty-five years do not seem very long, but in that period you have had a diversified experience and written considerable history. I trust that some one of your number will keep a correct record of your church life—the steps you have taken, the struggles through which you have passed, and the faithful fortitude evinced by many of your number, many of whom have gone to their reward. Such history ought to be, and is, valuable to Methodists everywhere. My pastorate of Metropolitan Church was, I think, at the darkest period in its history. It was at the time, you know, when Shylock was demanding his pound of flesh, yet in my ministry of more than thirty years I have never seen steadier faith nor calmer fortitude evinced by Christian men and women. This period, too, was the saddest that has ever come into my own domestic life. Yet, in its midst, my sorrowing home was comforted by your kindest sympathy and help—sympathy and and help which to-day is cherished by my memory as among its most sacred treasures. That your future may be more prosperous and successful even than the past in building up our Redeemer's kingdom is my sincere prayer.

In closing, "Shall We Gather at the River" was sung. Bishop Newman pronounced the benediction.

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